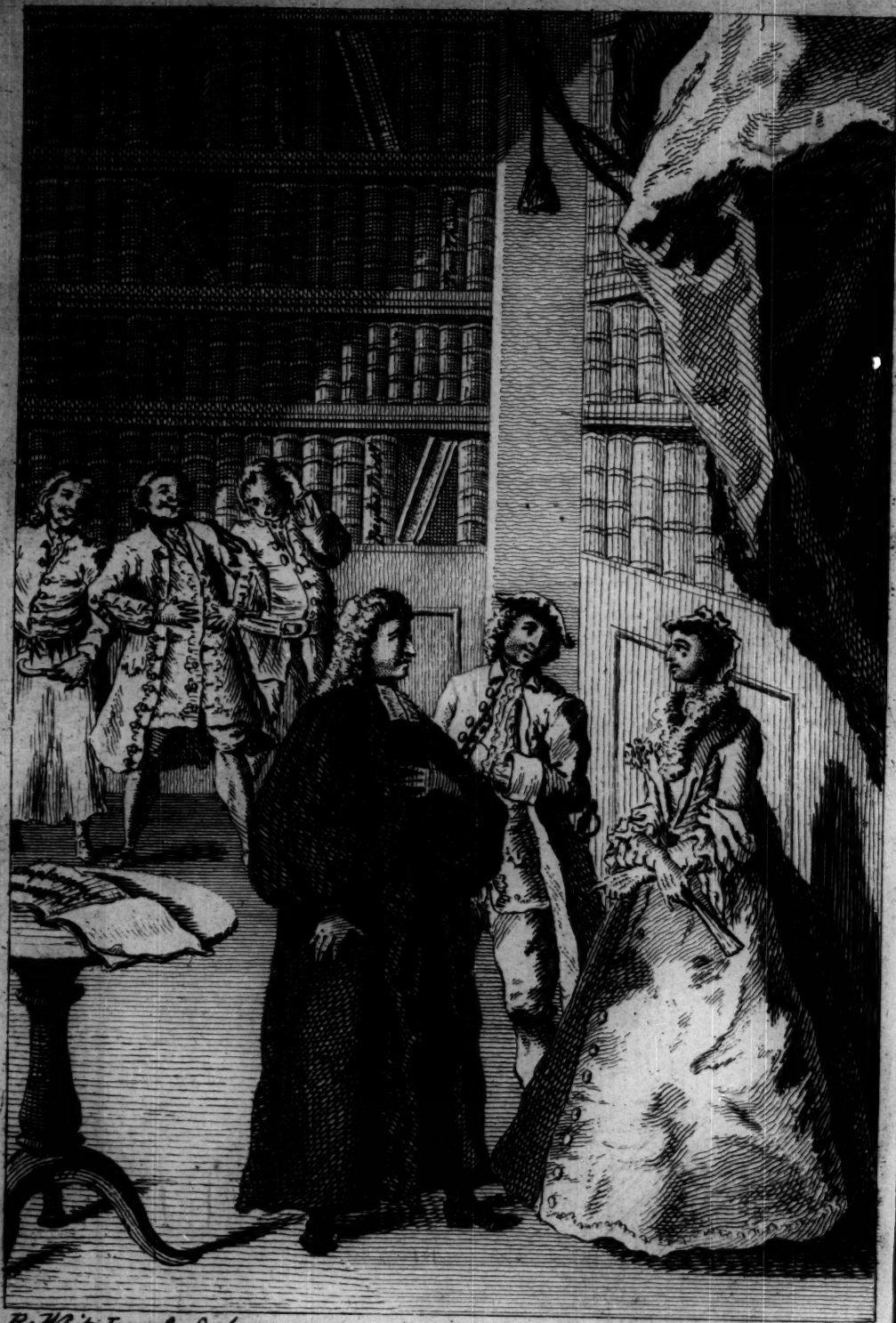
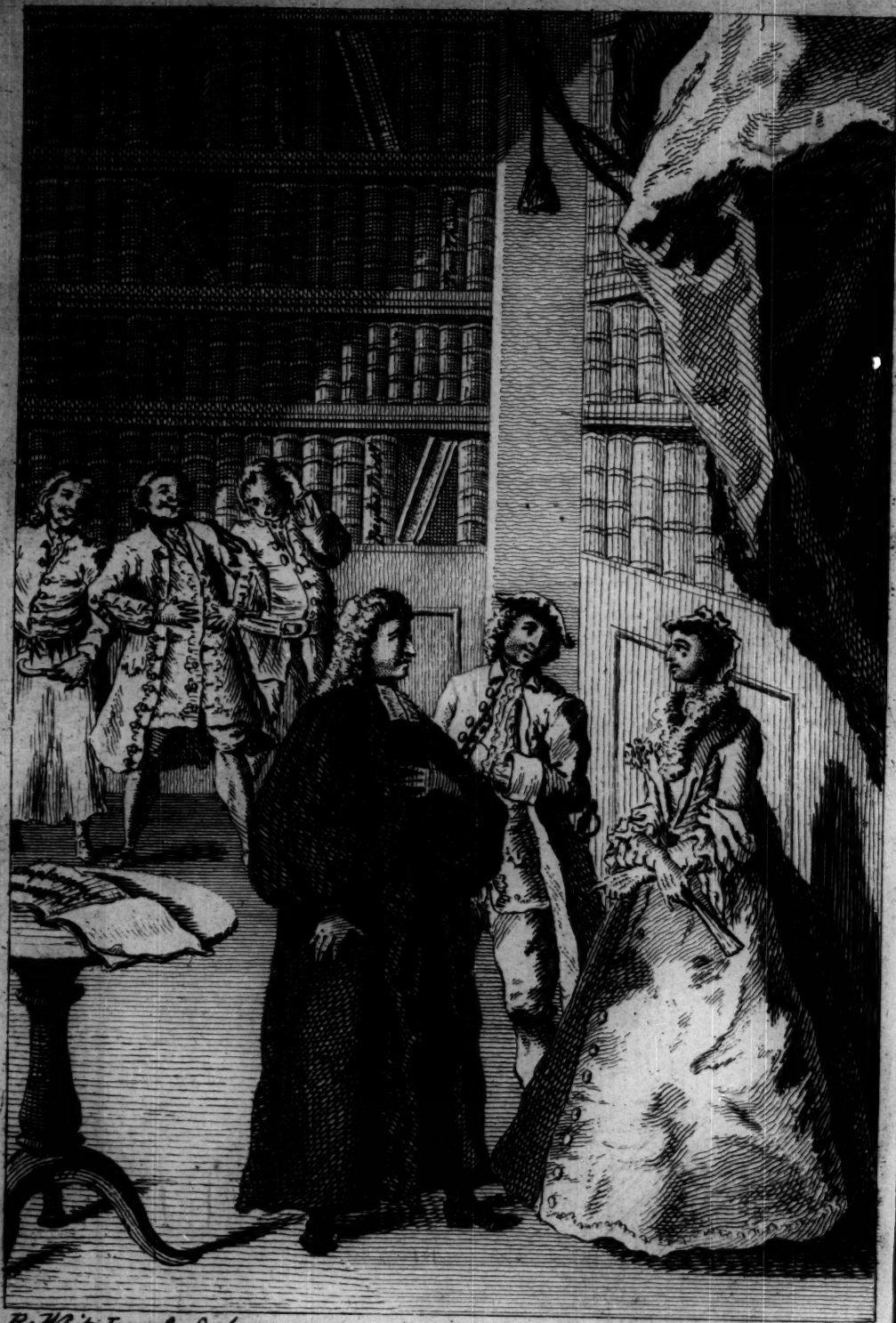




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P O E M S
UPON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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THE
EDITOR'S
PREFACE.

70509 P+C e.ue
AS several people will (I doubt not) be desirous of knowing the Author of these Poems, as well as the reason why they make their public appearance; I will, as far as is consistent with what I owe my deceas'd friend, gratify them.

Most of the following pieces were wrote by a young gentleman of great worth, who from his earliest years shew'd a promising Genius for polite literature, and had he liv'd, would no doubt have made a shining figure.---But I will not detain the public with a panegyric on the virtues of my friend; let it suffice to know, that he died before he was two and twenty, and among many other tokens of respect, left me several papers of his own writing: *Take*, says he (on his death-bed) to me, *take this best legacy that I can bestow, this dearest proof of my love and friendship for thee, this* (pointing to the papers) *was the amusement of my leisure hours, however unprofitable*

able, yet innocently spent : some of them more immediately concern yourself ; in those, tho' you may find nothing to give you a high notion of my wit and ingenuity, of the sincerity of my friendship they must give the most unquestionable proof-----Saying these words he died, and left me but too sensible of my loss. Some time after his death as I was indulging myself in reading over the papers he had left me, I found in those especially, that touch'd on friendship, something so sublime and noble, and at the same time so easy and natural, as made me think such a present could never prove unacceptable to all true lovers of virtue ; and tho' they wanted his masterly
pen

pen to finish them, I did not doubt but the beauties would so far outweigh the blemishes, as to plead my excuse for publishing them.



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A N

IRREGULAR ODE

ON THE

MARRIAGE of Miss H---

I.

DIANA weep, in mournful sighs complain;
Thy beauteous nymph forsakes thy train.
See from Cytherea's grove,
The little wanton infant, Love
With stretch'd-out pinions sweeps the verdant plain!
See from her green,
Love's beauteous Queen
Prepares to move,

B

Whilst

MISCELLANIES.

Whilst hand in hand
The Graces stand
Around the love-sick swain !

II.

See ! she consents,
The nymph relents,
She hears his ardent prayer !
See Hymeneal torches rise,
Their crackling flames o'erspread the skies !
See the infant urchin stand
With bright Venus hand in hand !
See the Muses assembled to make up the throng,
Fill'd with extatic fire,
Kindled with soft desire ;
Perplex'd, confus'd they hear her heav'nly song !

III.

Tir'd of her state, the virgin maid
Neglects her crook, forsakes her shade,
And leaves her native plain.
Whilst transported with pleasure,
He gazes on his Treasure,
She yields and consents to the swain.

MISCELLANIES.

43

IV.

No vain ambition e'er disturb'd her rest,

Riches in vain

Attempt to gain;

Merit alone could move her tender breast.

Swain learn to know thy beauteous prize,

Left Death her charms decay:

But see—Behold her more exalted mind,

The master-piece of nature!—sure design'd

That she should rule, and lordly man obey!

V.

No longer, Cupid, boast thy art,

No longer wound the virgin's heart.

'Twas not for love that she declin'd

Her former happy state;

'Twas reason made her tender heart

With skill perform the lover's part,

In pity to mankind.

ON BEING DESIR'D

To write Verses to Miss A-----

PUGH—do you think that I can write?

Can my dull, senseless verse delight?

No, if you are to mirth inclin'd,

Let comic Swift relax your mind;

Or if you're more devoutly giv'n

Let Nelson raise your soul to heav'n:

But if you're neither dull nor gay

And chuse to throw one hour away,

Can I deny so small a task?

Can I refuse you when you ask?

No, I should then be an ingrate,

And prize you at too low a rate:

An action it would be most base

Thus to despise the chagrin case;

I could not be so vile a wretch,

Not to return one single sketch!

You

MISCELLANIES.

5

You see that La Fontaine prevails,
 And how I scribble for the tales,
 Learn to be happy, and you'll know,
 Content's the greatest bliss below,
 Live in your self, from all secure,
 And learn to husband well each hour;
 Not after aught uncertain roam,
 For true content is found at home,
 Live happy with your present store,
 Nor fondly hanker after more;
 Lest like the dog that cross'd the brook
 With mutton from the pantry hook,
 You should the phantom'd shade survey,
 And lose the product of the day;
 He chopp'd with haste, nor longer stay'd,
 But left the substance for a shade.

Far from his case may your life be,
 May you most unconcern'dly see
 Those airy phantoms of the skies,
 And all extrinsic worth despise.

On

ON

Being compell'd to leave γ -----.

ENough—enough! all-glimmering Hope adieu!
 No more will I thy phantom'd shade pursue:
 No longer shall thy radiant beams arise
 To mock my fancy and delude the eyes:
 Too much, alas! have I thy votary been,
 Too long have I thy airy phantoms seen!
 Adieu thou couz'ner, Hope! Despair shall be
 A friend, a parent to a wretch like me:
 Rouze, rouze my heart, their proffer'd gift disdain;
 Know thou art born to suffer endless pain.
 Music, they say, can ease a wretched mind,
 And frantic swains therein a pleasure find:
 Can music's charms assuage my endless grief?
 Sooner may rocks and waves afford relief.
 Yes—for the present it may ease my pain,
 But more impetuous bring it back again.

Oh

MISCELLANIES.

7

Oh all ye pitying powers my prayer regard,
And let my virtue meet some small reward.
Let innocence like mine find some relief,
And add some balsam to aswage my grief.
But hush—poor wretch! ah whither do I stray,
Why with the torrent am I driv'n away!
Forbear thy grief!—Know thou must here remain,
And live below to suffer endless pain.

A

P E T I T I O N.

GRant me but this, oh all ye powers divine,
Riches and power and grandeur I resign.
Let me but live contented with my store,
Nor ever wish to make that little more.
All vain ambition let me lay aside,
And from my heart for ever banish pride.

Upon

Upon my mind humility bestow,
 And make my temper affable and low;
 Courteous to all; and to my friends sincere,
 To parents dutiful, and kindred dear:
 Let me for ever follow virtue's ways,
 To follow virtue is the greatest praise!
 Above all others let me prize my friend;
 Firm to my trust, and constant to the end:
 Grant me but this, ye powers, I ask no more,
 For this I prize above the greatest store.

A

MODEST HINT

ON THE

On the Birth-Day of Miss R - - - -

NO more Riphæan snows o'erspread the land,
 No more the icy pools stagnated stand:
 Behold they melt—see how they thaw away,
 And disappear before approaching day!

See

MISCELLANIES.

9

See Philomel renews her warbling strains !
 See gentle B—— in cadence soft complains !
 See universal harmony appear,
 And sylvan graces usher in the year.

To paint thy praise requires an abler pen,
 And might employ the noblest sons of men.
 But what have I to do with airy praise,
 To tune my lyre to such exalted lays ?
 'Tis pleasing truth in rustic dress array'd,
 And native innocence must please the maid.
 —But see, behold the rising morn appears,
 And every scene a chearful lustre wears.
 See Cytherea from her myrtle grove
 Attended by the graces and by love,
 For once neglect the cool, refreshing shade
 And pay the honours due to such a maid !
 All nature seems—but drop thy fulsom pen,
 Nor e'er attempt to soar so high again ;
 Since 'tis in vain, and all that thou canst say
 Can add no brightness to the glorious day.

C

May

See

May blessings on thy virtuous life attend,
 And crown thy goodness with a happy end:
 May no misfortunes e'er torment thy breast,
 Nor no corroding cares disturb thy rest:
 May joys untainted be thy lot below;
 And may the gods above superior joys bestow!

O N

Miss A----, when in the Country.

By a Gentleman.

WITH dancing of jigs I've wore out my
 shoes;
 With playing at romps I've tore my black gown;
 At whist and at brag my money I lose;
 — How unlucky was I to leave the dear town!

An

MISCELLANIES.

A N.

EXTEMPORE ANSWER

To the foregoing.

I.

Mistaken man!—could Sylvia mourn
Her shatter'd shoes to tear?
How could she think her luck would turn?
The gown that's old must wear.

II.

How, when he ask'd, could you deny?
'Twas time to bid adieu:
'Tis Daphne's part, you know, to fly,
Apollo's to pursue.

To SYLVIA.

With a Copy of VERSES on FRIENDSHIP.

ACCEPT those lines which I have long
since penn'd,
But ne'er till now could find that real friend.

Oh may the piece be so exactly done,
 As from your mouth each line may seem to come!
 Oh may I hit the meaning of your heart,
 And play at once the skilful, friendly part!
 —But how can I e'er doubt of gaining praise,
 Since 'tis for Sylvia that I tune my lays.

M
 O N
 Miss ELIZABETH R-----,

Proceed Eliza, in thy skilful ways,
 And gain at once astonishment and praise.
 No doubt you've read of Philomela's fate,
 Her banishment, and poor unhappy state;
 How she at once (unhappy wretch!) remain'd
 Of speech bereft, and every virtue stain'd:
 No tongue had she to paint her deep distress,
 Nor ought remain'd to give her wrongs redress,
 Her artful needle was her sole relief,
 The only comfort to assuage her grief;

Yet

Yet she by that her ravishment could give
So much to life, that it e'en seem'd to live :
By that was Progne her sad story told,
The well-wrought piece did each sad crime unfold,

Arachne too, born of a Lydian race,
Could in the loom each various story trace,
So skilful in her work the nymph appear'd,
That she nor mortal, nor immortal fear'd ;
Pallas heard this—and with revenge she cries,
What!—Shall a mortal bear away the prize?
No—to her lonely cottage I'll repair,
And visit this presumptuous human fair.

Thus spoke the goddess—and to Lydia flies,
And at her loom the careful maid espies.
Arachne first with more than common art
Displays her shuttle, and performs her part
With such dexterity, that Pallas says,
Of mortal maids be thine the greatest praise,
Goddeſs attempt—know I thy power disdain,
If thou ſhouldeſt conquer, then be mine the ſhame :

For

For know no equal I can ever bear,
I'll conquer now, or ever hence despair,
Take then thy doom Minerva thus replies,
(Yet to the last I'll not submit, she cries)
Let a small spider's web thy pride contain,
And may thy former pleasure prove thy pain.
So spoke the goddess, with an awful air,
And metamorphos'd thus the heav'nly fair.

No longer, Ovid, boast Arachne's skill,
Nor with her curious work thy volumes fill;
Know that in Britain lives a maid more fair,
Nor could Arachne e'er with her compare.

Oh had thy Pallas seen Eliza's power,
And how her hand embroider'd every flower,
No doubt in justice she would quit the field,
And once a goddess to a mortal yield.

On

ON
LEAVING Y-----.

THIS past!—the dear delusive dream is fled,
 And sable sorrow hovers o'er my head;
 No more thy D——'s airy turrets rise,
 To charm the heart and captivate the eyes!
 No more thy S—— in cadence soft complains!
 No more thy songsters please with chearful strains!
 But hush—sure some intruding noise I hear!
 Some town's acquaintance whispers in my ear,
 "Forget thy sorrows and thy Vill disdain;
 "Court the gay town and flight the rural plain."
 Forget my sorrows!—oh ye pow'rs above,
 How can the turtle e'er forget the dove?
 She (void of reason) can her lover mourn,
 And pensive sit to wait his wish'd return:
 And then shall I my beauteous fair reject,
 And all her constancy and truth neglect!

Can I forget that pleasing place where late
 So free from care I spent a happy state;
 Possess'd of all that heav'n itself could grant,
 And nothing coveting did nothing want?
 My friends, alas! for ever I will mourn!
 Oh when will that dear happy time return!
 When will my friends their consolation give!
 And when shall I possess'd of friendship live!
 Oh gracious heaven my petition hear,
 And to thy humble votary lend an ear:
 Let me, in whatsoever station, find
 A real happy and contented mind;
 Let gratitude my honest heart inspire,
 And kindle in my soul a friendly fire:
 Then—tho' by boist'rous waves I should be toss'd
 On Thule or on Lybia's burning coast,
 Yet still I'll hope, and in that hope I'll live,
 That nothing is too great for thee to give.

A N

ELEGIAC PASTORAL

ON THE

Death of that worthy Lady B. J.

DAMON and ALEXIS.

DAMON.

ALEXIS!—ah why mourns my fellow swain,
Why in this merry month so dull a strain?
Come, make thy plaint,

ALEXIS.

Ah Damon, why so gay?
Thy ill-tim'd mirth suits not my mournful lay.
I'm ready to describe—be you to hear,
And to my story lend a list'ning ear.
Sylvia, the fairest of her Sex is gone!

D

DAMON

DAMON.

Ye empty caverns hear my dismal moan!
 Ye falling accents echo on the shore,
 Ye hills and mountains her sad loss deplore!
 And is the fairest of her sex no more?

ALEXIS.

I saw the heav'nly mould stretch'd on the green,
 And (if you'll trust me) ne'er on earth was seen
 So fine a form: for still that form remain'd
 Beauteous and like her heav'nly soul, unstain'd.
 Not Death himself, in all his grim array,
 Could from her face her beauty snatch away:
 She triumph'd over death, and when he came
 Receiv'd his summons, and remain'd the same.
 The sylvan Nymphs, with whom she us'd to play,
 In melancholy hours will pass their time away;
 Nay the whole parish may her loss deplore,
 For she was kind to friends, to rich and poor.
 The warbling linnet, which to me she left,
 Strove to live chearful of it's friends bereft;
 But ah too soon the heavy loss descry'd,
 Got o'er one day, but lik'd it not and dy'd!

DAMON

MISCELLANIES. 19

DAMON.

Sufficient reason for thy grief I find,
Such sorrow might depress a heav'nly mind:
But see the torches light the corps along,
And all the church-yard's crouded with the throng.
Come, with the swains let us have equal share,
And to the grave attend the beauteous fair.
For we no more that heav'nly face shall see,
Till we be happy for eternity.

ALEXIS.

Till then, thou blessed, heav'nly form farewell!
Rest thou contented, for be sure we'll tell
Thy praises to the world—since thou'rt no more,
There's not a swain but shall thy loss deplore,
And mournful accents sound from shore to shore.

D 2 Upon

UPON THE

D E A T H

OF MY

Very good and sincere friend W. P. E,

A Ccept my friend the tribute of my praise,
To friendship's sacred name I tune my lays,
How soon can death our greatest hopes destroy,
How soon he's robb'd me of my greatest joy!
My happiness, my pleasure now is flown
Since you my friend, my dearest friend, are gone,
How soon alas! you quit your friends below,
And leave them buried in one heap of woe!
How shall the father for his son complain!
How can thy nearest friend from tears refrain!
Thrice happy youth—no doubt but thou art bless'd
By all belov'd, and by thy friends carefs'd.
Thy father now may seek another son,
Since thou, his only hope, his only joy, art gone.

Thy

Thy years tho' tender, yet thy virtues bright,
 Shone with one clear uninterrupted light,
 Thy temper gen'rous, affable and free,
 Each noble virtue shew'd itself in thee.
 Native simplicity adorn'd thy heart,
 And shew'd a temper free from craft and art.
 Perhaps e'en now in yon high heav'n you're blest'd,
 Belov'd by angels as by men carest'd !
 Yet for a moment leave the realms above,
 And let this action more thy friendship prove.
 Descend one moment and these verses take,
 The last dear tribute that a friend can make.
 Tho' cruel fortune's left me here behind,
 Expos'd alas ! to every blast of wind ;
 Yet pitying heav'n may her votary hear,
 And to my just petition lend an ear.
 Oh may I leave this earth and soaring rise,
 Quit this dull clod to mount the lofty skies.
 Oh may we meet on that eternal shore,
 Where death nor fortune e'er shall part us more.

On

O N

S Y L V I A.

Who having lost all hopes, resolves to betake
herself to a Nunnery.

I.

WHAT can the world no longer please;
Can friends no more delight?

Must Sylvia quit her native ease
To loll her hours in night!

II.

Pugh!—'tis meer nonsense!—take the vail!

Consider what you're doing:

Think, should this last great project fail

You rush but on your ruin.

III.

Can Sylvia waste her prime of age,

Within a cloyster pent,

Or like some reverend hoary Sage,

Count beads and fast all Lent?

IV.

Come, Sylvia, let a friend prevail,

And try another year;

But should it like the others fail,

Then beads and sackcloth wear.

SYLVIA'S ANSWER.

Mistake me not, tho' I a Convent chuse
'Tis solitude I wish, not hopes I lose.

Call back your strange, unkind interpretation,

And learn to know my real inclination.

Be then assur'd I'll never change my state

Of happiness for quarrels and debate:

But in a Convent I more bright will shine

Than all those beauties who for conquest pine.

Secluded from the world, in sweet retreat,

I'll envy none, but triumph o'er the Great.

Forbear to give such reasons of my flight,

And be more candid when I'm out of sight.

Nor

Nor shall I think my prime of age is lost,
 Whilst liberty and freedom I can boast.
 But if you think despair still gives me pain,
 I'll urge no longer, since I urge in vain.

A

PASTORAL.

On a Young Lady's repeating these two lines to
 a Gentleman at parting.

Adieu, adieu, and must we part?

Thou dearest partner of my tender heart!

DAMON and MARIAN.

Scarce had the radiant sun withdrawn his light,
 And scarce had Luna usher'd in the night,
 When Damon lying in a fragrant shade,
 With woodbines, ivy, and a poplar made,
 In dolesome ditty thus express'd his moan,
 And thus proceeded in a mournful tone.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ah luckless swain! and must I leave my crook,
Those rosy bow'rs, that sweetly murmur'ring brook?
My tender flock may wander here and there,
No swain like me will make that flock his care.
Adieu ye warbling songsters of the skies,
Adieu ye larks that soaring seem to rise
To heav'n's high arch—Ye fragrant woods adieu,
Flocks graze at will, your heart's desire pursue.
You my dear lambkins here may feed alone,
When he, that was your lord and master's gone.
And thou, my Tray—but hift—methinks I hear
Some noise!--ah me!--but why should Damon fear?

MARIAN.

Ah Damon! Damon! will you leave us so,
You hard, hard hearted man, and will you go?
How can you leave your fleecy care behind?
Ah where will they another Damon find!
That verdant bow'r, which Damon now is thine,
Where creeping ivies round the poplars twine,
When thou it's much-lov'd master once art fled,
The stately poplars soon will droop their head.

E

No

No more the ivy clasps it's wonted stake,
 But withering fades for thee, it's master's sake :
 Nor poplar shades, nor ivy bloom again !
 Since Damon leaves the sweetly rural plain
 It now shall prove an unfrequented shade,
 Spurn'd by each swain, despis'd by every maid.

DAMON.

Think tho' a while I quit this verdant plain,
 Where innocence and virtue jointly reign,
 Think tho' I leave behind my fleecy care,
 My dearest friends, and you my blooming fair,
 Yet still the time will come when we shall meet,
 When I again shall court the sweet retreat :
 Three annual suns shall waft me on that shore,
 (Oh glorious thought!) when we shall part no more.

MARIAN.

" Adieu, adieu, and must we part ?
 " Thou dearest partner of my tender heart !
 May heav'n from danger shield thee, happy swain,
 And to my wishes bring thee back again.

DAMON.

DAMON.

But stop—see gathering clouds obstructs the sight,
And sable darkness ushers in the night;
See curling smokes from yonder cot arise,
And o'er our heads the hooting skreech owl flies.
This crooked nine-pence let us break in twain,
And as it joins, so may we meet again.

O N

Master W---- his acting EUDOCIA
IN THE
SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

WHen W——, skill'd in every female art,
Attempts to play the chaste Eudocia's part
What shape, what features, what an easy air,
How few can tell the well-disembled fair!
What joy appears in every virtuous mind,
When to her lover the chaste virgin's kind!

When to her Phocyas she resigns her hand,
And seeks with him some foreign, exile land,
The crouded theatre resounds her praise;
But each full eye it's watery tribute pays,
When on his knees the prostrate lover lies,
And groveling on the earth for pardon cries.
What racks, what tortures move the heroine's heart
When she declares for ever they must part!
When weltring in his blood her Lord appears,
How soon her fixt resolves dissolve in tears!
But when she sees her breathless Phocyas lie,
And chang'd Eumenes quick for succour cry,
She can no more—at once with grief oppress'd,
A gentle slumber lures her soul to rest.

Had it but been the Poet's lot to see
His bright Eudocia live again in thee,
How would the rapture elevate his mind,
That he in Britain should Eudocia find!

Thrice happy Bard, securely sleep in rest,
Nor let one anxious doubt disturb thy breast.

No

No time shall wipe thy memory away,
 And future ages shall revere thy play.
 But think not Bard that thine is all the praise,
 Or that thy play deserves immortal bays :
 No—W——'s name shall raise thy glory high,
 And Hughes must ever live—'till W—— die,

A N

O D E

ON THE

D E A T H of W. P. E.

I.

LET grief in every face appear,
 Let friendship sable sorrow wear,
 Let all his loss deplore !
 Let echoes with a hollow sound,
 Let rocks and distant vales rebound,
 That P—— is no more !

See

II.

See guardian angels round him wait
 To catch the dire commands of fate,
 And bear his soul away!
 Hark how the bright arch-angels sing,
 The heav'ns with notes seraphic ring,
 They mount the milky-way!

III.

If he's to joys superiour fled,
 Why should we mourn?—Tho' he be dead
 'Tis only here below:
 If there's a place in heav'n above
 For virtue, innocence, or love,
 He'll triumph over woe.

IV.

No longer then let us complain,
 And sigh and weep, and sigh in vain
 For one who's now at rest;
 No—rather hallelujah's raise,
 And tune our lyres to sing his praise
 Who's now securely bless'd,

Let

V.

Let us his virtuous steps pursue,
 Like him be good, be just and true,
 Religious, pious, wife;
 Tho' for a while oppress'd with woe,
 We drag a life of pain below,
 Like him we'll mount the skies.

A N

A N S W E R

T O

SYLVIA'S justifying her Retirement
 from the World.

I.

Condemn me not, exulting fair,
 Nor brand a vanquish'd swain,
 Know I relinquish all my share,
 Nor shall attempt again.

Thus

II.

Thus may a star with glimmering light,
 A while his beams display,
 But soon as Sol dispels the night
 He fading — shrinks away.

III.

Why will Melpomene refuse,
 Or why my call disdain?
 Why must I supplicate my muse,
 Yet supplicate in vain?

IV.

A theme so noble shall I quit,
 And baffled own my shame?
 Or yield to thy superiour wit,
 And poetry disclaim?

V.

But hush—methinks I Pallas hear,
 With anger in his eyes,
 “ Deluded mortal quick forbear,
 “ ’Tis Sylvia claims the prize.

TO

JULIET.

NO Juliet, no, this world and I have done,
The farce is over and my folly's known!

Experience shews me, what reflection taught,
I only see too plain what I unseen have thought.

Urge me no more experiments to try,
I have but one to wish—to part and die.

No—I will follow the fond chace no more!

To some lone desert, some abandon'd shore

My cruel fortune I'll in silence bear,

And veil my sorrows and my folly there.

ON

SYLVIA's Birth-Day.

HOW shall thy humble Poet dare,
Untemper'd with poetic fire.

In verse uncouth like his aspire

To celebrate a fair?

F

But

34 MISCELLANIES.

But hush—Apollo ! at thy dread command,

By thee inspir'd,

By Clio fir'd,

For Sylvia now I dare to sing,

For her I strike the trembling string,

Nor can thy pow'r withstand.

II.

See from yon eastern sky

In glorious pomp array'd,

Refulgent Phœbus darts each ray,

Whilst with a nod,

The powerful God

Dispels each mist, drives every cloud away!

For thee the God appears,

For thee his godhead wears,

For thee celestial maid.

III.

Next with an harmony divine,

With joy in every face,

Adorn'd with every grace,

Behold the sister Nine

Their various charms display!

For

MISCELLANIES.

35

For thee they strike the trembling string,
Earth, air and Heav'n with Sylvia ring :
For thee they leave their native sky,
Down to the nether world they fly
To join the chorus of this happy day.

IV.

MELPOMENE.

Hail happy Albion! didst thou know
How vast a treasure lies conceal'd,
How great thy bliss were it reveal'd
To Albion's sons below.
To heav'n our chearful notes we'll raise,
Heav'n shall re-echo with her praise,
Begin ye Sisters nine.

V.

Chorus of MUSES.

Hail heav'nly fair,
The Muses' care,
For thee we leave our native skies,
To celebrate thy praise!
To heav'n our chearful notes we'll raise.
Hark! the glad sound to distant Delphos flies!

VI.

APOLLO.

For thee, thou beauteous fair,

What gift shall I assign?

This never-fading laurel wear,

And Poetry be thine.

VII.

Chorus of all.

Sylvia, whate'er is ours to give,

On thee the bounty we bestow:

Exert each talent you receive,

And shine the greatest of your sex below.

THE

Character of Mr. - - - - -.

By SYLVIA.

ACCUSE me not ye rigid fair,
 Nor blame my conduct, if I dare
 To praise a youth whose merit's great,
 Free from all vice, a temper sweet;

Prudently

Prudently grave and not morose,
But ever chearful and jocose,
He can with pleasure mirth promote
And nicely blend it with devout.
To paint you, sir, as you deserve,
I might to verse apprentice serve,
And then perhaps but faintly reach
Those virtues, you alone can teach:
So pray forgive my untaught pen,
I own my subject's much too fine;
Believe me, if in this I err,
'Tis too much wishing to prefer.
Sense without satire here we find
Conspire to form his perfect mind.
Oh were my pen in —— hand!
Each thought, each word he can command.
Will none more able take my theme,
And speak what I but poorly aim?
Attack me some, you'll soon disarm,
For female verses seldom charm.
When in a marriage-state you're fix'd,
May every virtue be annex'd

To her whom you shall single out
 With sense to judge but not dispute:
 Cheerful in temper, constant, still,
 No choice her own unless your will.
 When you can those perfections find,
 Return the wish to, sir, your friend.

T O

----- on his TRAGEDY.

By a FRIEND,

*Accept, advent'rous youth, those early bays,
 As true encomiums on your worthy praise.*

GO on, dear youth, as haply now begun,
 And bravely tread the paths you sought
 to shun;

Go on, the faithful, friendly tract pursue,
 And copy the original in view:
 Each sister Muse will kindly fan your theme,
 And gently lead you on to future fame.

At

At first as envious, they deny'd their aid,
 But surely now the world is doubly paid !
 Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
 (Thro' each of which the greatest genius shines)
 Of friendship's lasting tie, he justly does impart,
 And every page shews forth the image of his heart.
 Tho' mourning Anthony still makes us weep,
 And brave Ventidius manly sorrow keep,
 Good - - - - - will our wonder raise,
 And all will sure the fair - - - - - praise.
 Then justly judging me must all allow
 What Shakespear was, may yet be - - - - - now.
 Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
 And to your master-piece these shadows send.

The CASE of
 The Hon. Mr. TITT, fairly stated.

By a L A D Y.

MY lady's goodness all folks know,
 I need no praise on that bestow :
 Her wisdom too was ne'er disputed,
 Nor am I going to confute it. I only

I only glance at apprehension,
 No other failing can I mention.
 She us'd to lend a pitying eye
 Whene'er she heard the wretched cry;
 Yet I have mew'd, and growl'd, and sign'd,
 And ne'er could make her guess my mind:
 Which is the cause I take my pen,
 A custom oft among the men,
 Who, when they can't their ills subdue,
 Submit 'em to the public view.

Know then, in hunting of a rat,
 I met with Mrs. - - - - -'s cat;
 So fat, so sleek, so round her face,
 Never was cat in better case!

I smelt her whiskers, lick'd her ear,
 Then whisper'd soft "How fares my dear?"
 Faith you have revell'd in good chear.

Come, come, I know you've always plenty,
 But this has been some curious dainty,
 To feed you up thus in a week,
 And make your skin so fair and sleek.

Puffs

Puss purring, gave this kind reply ;

“ Sweet fir, it was a partridge-pye

“ Sent to our lawyer from his coufin,

“ Oh may she send him many a dozen !

“ We cats can sometimes turn marauders,

“ And I have fairly bilk’d the boarders :

“ But then so cunningly I eat,

“ They ne’er suspect me, crust nor meat.

“ Ah ! do not lick your whiskers brother,

“ Good Mrs. - - - - - has sent another,

“ Another and a better far,

“ Cram’d full of turkey, goose and hare :

“ Our lawyer keeps it in his office,

“ But you’ll make way ; you are no novice.

Aha ! cry’d I, and cock’d my tail.

I shall be with you without fail.

This said, I ran to Jesse’s house,

And found the cranny of a mouse ;

To it with tooth and nail I ventur’d,

Made a nice hole and slyly enter’d.

Now Muse, two hundred tongues I ask,
 (For thou must double Homer's task)
 To tell what curious things I saw;
 What rarities in love and law.
 Fragments of paper on the floor,
 With *cruel fair one*! scribbled o'er;
 Three Scottish letters double seal'd,
 With secrets ne'er to be reveal'd;
 Verses to Clio and her Nieces;
 The Doctor's drawings torn to pieces:
 Pens, writing, ink, and gold display'd,
 And all the law's enticing trade.
 In vain I rang'd each shelf and chair,
 With dangers round me every where:
 Thro' rolls of crackling parchment squeez'd,
 And twice in writs of error seiz'd.
 Enrag'd, the ink I overthrew,
 And p—— upon upon a billet-deaux.
 The closet door was open'd wide,
 I look'd it round on every side;
 When (oh unfortunate mishap!)
 Rude Boreas gave the door a clap.

The

The lawyer heard and ran to lock it,
And put the key up in his pocket.
Had ever cat so hard a fate?
Lock'd up five days and nought to eat!
Each tedious night to hear the calling
Of purring toasts a catterwauling;
And then, oh would that I had dy'd!
To hear my own black beauties cry'd!
Such charms as mine so public made!
And by the wretch suppos'd convey'd!
By what? by whom? speak out you thief,
Or teeth and nails shall ease my grief.

Thus, drown'd in tears I faintly lay,
Till one bright, shining, happy day,
My good young master bolting in
As usual, fell to rummaging,
Look'd in each corner, draw'r and shelf,
Read e'ery paper to himself;
Toss'd e'ery book upon the floor,
And open'd wide my prison door;

Straight from the hated place I flew,
 Nor stopt to give a farewell mew.
 Down at my Lady's feet I fell,
 And told her all that cat could tell :
 Then frantic round the house I ran,
 And kiss'd the hands of maid and man :
 My heart with transport boiling o'er,
 Paid homage, which it scorn'd before,
 And pride and shyness knew no more.

Henceforth ye cats be rul'd by me,
 And never leave prosperity.
 Be easy with your milk at home,
 Nor after gilded trifles roam :
 A dainty is a dangerous thing,
 We find no *bee* without a *sting*.

ON THE
FIFTH of NOVEMBER.

IV.

I.

B RITAINS rejoyce,
With chearful voice
Exalt Jehovah's name!
Let the tow'ring sky rebound,
Let proud Olympus shudder at the sound,
And heav'n and earth re-echo with his fame!

II.

Stop, impious Rome, thy bloody rage,
No longer with our God engage:
In vain's thy black intent!
Not night itself can e'er disguise,
Or hide the treason from his eyes;
Jove fees, and will prevent.

III.

In ages past
Thus giants cast

At

At heav'n their impious rage;
 Rome did attempt upon this day,
 Britannia's King in flames to lay.
 But how could mortals with a God engage!

IV.

At such a fight,
 With feeble light
 The glimmering stars decay.
 Far from her station Cynthia flies,
 Thick sable clouds involve the skies,
 And Phœbus stopt his chariot for a day.

V.

But see, behold with chearful voice,
 Britannia's native sons rejoyce,
 And songs of triumph raise!
 Behold the tow'ring pile arise!
 The crackling flames o'erspread the skies,
 And each glad heart proclaims his maker's praise!

IRAS ET VERBA LOCANT.

I.

OF gold how many fold the power,
 From gates unbar'd and Danaë's shower
 In various shapes is seen;
 From hence to Thule's distant shore:
 Not one, but all her power adore,
 And hail her sovereign Queen.

II.

Clamorus too, that noisy fool,
 The public jest and ridicule,
 As certain persons say,
 Will talk, harangue, and even scold,
 To gain a little piece of gold,
 And barter words for pay.

TO

T O

Mr. - - - - - from a Friend.

A Letter, sir?—Ay give it me;
But who could send it? let me feel

A Lady?—no; a friend suppose:

But that the letter will disclose.

I'll tear the seal, divide the crest,

And trust to fortune for the rest.

And what's there here? my - - - - -? no;

Yet sure the writing tells me so.

'Tis - - - - - hand!—ay here's the name,

R - - - - - see—the very same!

The same old friend, so good, so civil,

That thinks on - - - - - tho' near - - - - -.

I'll answer't straight—my pen, my ink,

Sir, give me leave but just to think;

For mungrel poets must have time

To fish for words to make a rhyme.

And

And first for pardon I must wait,
For writing to you, fir, so late :
He'll pardon sure——but will he so?
I'll ask it if he will or no :
Tho' yet I cannot but acknowledge,
Those words were harsh I said at college ;
And words are wind that —— knows,
It makes a puff and then it goes :
And promises, believe me, too
Are but a puff of wind with you.
“ Dear fir, the Bath invites me soon
“ To see my friend, I'll leave the town ;
“ I'll visit you, fir, never doubt it,
“ I'll do't——but never set about it !
Your act, fir, measuring by th' intent,
I thank you for your compliment ;
Yet had been better pleas'd 'tis true
If —— had been with it too.
But yet I cannot but express
A burthen of uneasiness,
That I could be so negligent
And not return the compliment

H

Till

Till now, so late,—but howsoever,
'Tis better now and late than never.

May you have found, and may you ever find
Our Saviour's birth-day favourably kind!
Pray for my nonsense, sir, send your good sense,
From Oxford send what cannot come from hence;
And never in my footsteps tread,
Or make delay because I did.
What I am 'tis you know best,
Concluding then, conceive the rest,
And think me ever from this day
Tom — Sir, & cetera.

WHIMSICALIA.

*To several Ladies who were making Pincushions and
burl'd defiance at the Author to scribble on that
subject so fast as they could stuff 'em and sew 'em up.*

Written by a Gentleman extempore.

I.

AS some old hall adorn'd from warlike knight,
The armour, lance, and sword return'd
from fight; So



So I receive the weapons us'd to kill
At rout, at drum, ridotto, or quadrille.

II.

Your pointed arrows fiercely throw,
And wound this emblem of a man—a beau ;
A figure stuff'd to make you laugh,
No grain of sense, made up of chaff.

III.

When you my gaily painted vestment see,
And like me for my shining livery,
Reflect in false appearance not to trust,
I am at best but wool, or chaff, or dust.

IV.

Emblem I am of vile, perfidious man,
How gay my outside!—my base inside—bran !
Yet you will useful find me for your working,
Obsequious to your minikin or corkin.

V.

The weapons which you still employ
To give a lover pain, or joy,
You here may freely, safely dart,
I ne'er shall feel a bleeding heart,

THE

ADVENTURE OF LOTHARIO.

To Miss ____.

Long importun'd, my friend, at last I dare
 To dedicate my verses to the fair.
 Those rural scenes your sweet retirement shew,
 But all fall short when I would copy you.
 Th' attempt is daring but excuse a friend,
 And to my story your attention lend.

Lothario dwelt upon the rural plain,
 A free-born, happy, and contented swain.
 Oft would he read, and oft would contemplate
 On certain miseries which attend the great.
 From place to place he'd ne'er unsettled roam,
 For true contentment he enjoy'd at home.
 Once led by hunting he from home did stray,
 And in the winding forest lost his way;

But

But soon an ancient mansion-house he spies,
With tow'ring elms which tempt the vaulted skies.
Pleas'd with the rustic neatness of the place,
He enters with a silent, solemn pace ;
Confus'd, perplex'd, and stunn'd with new surprize,
At first on the spectators cast his eyes :
At last a voice distinctly he did hear,
And to the music lent a list'ning ear.
He look'd and soon a well-dress'd lady saw,
Who struck Lothario with a sacred awe.
Two beauteous virgins near their mother sat,
Harmless their work and innocent their chat.
Noble their persons, and their visage fair,
To walk, to read, and work, was all their care.
Virtue alone did all their thoughts employ,
And virtuous minds the greatest bliss enjoy.
Lothario trembling gently op'd the door,
—Description fails me, and I can no more !
With his adventure pleas'd, away he goes
And does the secrets of their life disclose ;
Those secrets, oh my friend, you only know,
For they're peculiar alone to you.

Those

Those that would see a true contented mind,
In ——— only will that treasure find.

T O

H O N O R I O.

WHilst you, my friend, in scenes of new
delight,

Pass each dull day and kill each tedious night,

Think on an absent friend grown grave with care,

Quite sick of hope and wallowing in despair.

Leave for a while the pleasures of a ball,

To eat a commons in an empty hall.

For once midst pleasures shew thyself discreet,

Leave ———'s charms and court this sweet retreat.

Oh sacred friendship my petition hear,

And to thy votary lend a list'ning ear!

By thee inspir'd, oh tell him how I burn,

And spend each hour in wishing his return!

Oh let him know what charms from thee accrue,

And tell him that no other joys are true!

Guide and direct his yet unerring mind,
Tell him in me an honest friend he'll find;
Tell him that pride is of the blackest dye,
Tell him what mischiefs in ambition lie!
Convince him unto one to stint the flame,
Tell him that friendship's more than merely name!
In many friends there are no real joys,
For more than one that sacred band destroys.

Of this convinc'd, hither let him repair,
Clear all my doubts and banish my despair;
Taught by experience let him learn to know,
A friend's the greatest happiness below.

O N

A Dream in HONORIO'S Absence.

In imitation of YOUNG.

WHAT my Honorio! and not yet return'd
The time elaps'd, the neighbouring clocks
struck twelve!

Heav'n grant those omens which foreboded mischief

Be

Be not approach'd ! Scarce had I lain my head
To rest and lull'd my sorrows and my cares to sleep
But starting from my pillow, I arose
And cry'd to heav'n to spare my friend.
So great the strength of fancy, that methought
I saw Honorio from his chase return'd,
Not like a victor, boasting of his conquest,
But breathless, pale and bloody.
Deserted by his brothers of the game,
Calling aloud for charitable succour.
Straight methought I ran like one distracted,
Catch'd him in my eager arms ; when looking up,
" And is it you my friend, he cry'd, then sigh'd
And yielded up the debt, that nature lent him.
What can this mean ! sure it is so with thee,
And when we parted last, we parted
Never to meet again ! If so, my friend,
Where then, alas ! are all those scenes of pleasure
Yet to come ? are they all blasted ?
Can death erase our friendship ?
What shall a grave divide us ? Death,
Thou self-destroying monster ! soon or late

We

We fall the object of thy power: why
Hast thou blasted thus our bloom of friendship,
Which like a tender bud had scap'd the frost,
Yet's wither'd in the ripening: friendship no more
And can it be? and is it come to this?
What it has cost whole years to bring about
Shall death, that monster, in a moment disannul?

With thoughts like these I pass'd the live-long day,
With thoughts like these the lingring hour creeps on.
Night, in her sable cloud array'd, calls to my mind
The sad remembrance of the former's dream,
And all my friend arises to my view.
If to-morrow's dawn bring thee not back in safety
To these arms, where shall Philander fly!
But if the Gods in pity should preserve
My friend—oh may I find him still the same,
Gentle and generous as at first I found him!
Let sacred friendship banish from his breast
All meaner joys, and reign sole empress there.
—But if we ne'er meet more! (forbid it heav'n!)
Oh hide me from that thought! lest lightly touching

On so nice a theme, my sense should fail
 And reason turn to madness.—But why despair?
 Heav'n sure has blessings yet in store for me,
 And pleasures not yet tasted. If so my friend,
 May all my joys or pleasures yet to come
 Be center'd in thy friendship! from whence, as from
 A public fund, I'll draw my future happiness.
 —But tired nature calls me to my rest;
 How happy could I find Honorio there!

To the same.

In imitation of YOUNG.

HONORIO! he who lives but for himself
 Neglects his friend, and what is more—his
 God.

He that would covet praise must first deserve it.
 We may despise the censure of the world,
 And seem to barter for precarious praise;
 Wise in ourselves and in our own conceits,

We

We may applaud each action of our life,
 Approve the choice and own that all is good:
 Yet shew me him whom love of fame ne'er fir'd,
 Above all censure, as beneath applause;
 No emulation kindles in his breast,
 To rouse his soul to what is great and noble.
 His reputation, like an outcast flower,
 Soon fades neglected, and when once despis'd,
 Droops, sickens, dies, never to bloom again.
 And will Honorio then despise my care
 And spurn the admonition of a friend!
 Oh yet preserve that jewel of the soul,
 That ornament that dignifies the man;
 Regain thy character and bless thy friend!
 Too long has folly with bewitching charms
 Engross'd thy soul, and bound thee to her service:
 If thou art wise escape while yet thou canst,
 E'er long perhaps the power may not remain:
 Be quick, my friend, and fly her foul embrace;
 She smiles and lures thee to thy own destruction;
 But give no credence to the bold enchantress,
 For, underneath the specious shew of friendship,

She shews thee fair, but works out thy undoing :
 Rather regard the soft persuasive pity,
 The friendly cries of heav'n-born innocence,
 In virgin purity enthron'd she sits,
 And gently beckons thee to paths of peace.
 " Oh gentle innocence ! do thou inspire
 " And guard a friend from infamy and ruin !
 " With thy all-pow'rful charms do thou allure
 " His honest soul and save him from destruction !
 So preach'd thy friend, the partner of thy heart.
 And shall his preaching ever be neglected ?
 In fond compassion to thy youthful follies
 Long he forbore to utter all his soul,
 Long has the secret venom lay conceal'd,
 And spread it's rancour thorough every vein :
 The heavy heart, too weak for such oppreasure,
 Shock'd with repeated instance of thy follies,
 At length dilates and gives a loose to sorrow.
 Thy wretched friend, too watchful o'er thy safety,
 Severely mourns his own unhappy fate ;
 Deplores the loss of all his soul held dear,
 Alike regardless of what hence shall follow,

Neglects

Neglects the means which court him to be happy:
And having lost a friend despises life,
Life without friendship more severe than death!
A load too weighty for one weak support,
How easy when a friend divides the toil!
A theme so delicate my pen forbears
And turns to soft persuasion, friendship's proof;
But sure my friendship needs no farther proof!
What man can be to man I am to thee,
If sacrifice of life be proof of friendship,
Death is a bug-bear when to serve a friend.
Were it my lot to suffer but for thee,
My giant fears would soon lose all their horror;
In airy bubbles dissipate unseen.
To die for thee were life beyond the grave!
The scene of folly still so oft renew'd,
Must needs at length prove tasteless and insipid;
Constant enjoyment will but pall the taste.
Who that had sense of danger, love for life,
Would climb a precipice to catch a fly?
Yet much more foolish he, who daily stands,
Led there by folly, on the brink of ruin;

Adventrous

Adventrous trifler for some darling pleasure,
 Which like a phantom rises to his view,
 And when he thinks he grasps it to his arms
 Finds himself tott'ring, and too late for help,
 Soon plunges headlong in the gulph beneath,
 Reason how weak where passion is indulg'd!
 And without reason, what alas! is man?
 The man that lives to gratify his sense,
 Who thinks it meanness but to curb desire,
 Is less than man and little more than brute.
 Oh do not let thy conscience own the charge;
 Give not enjoyment to each wish that starts:
 Passions were made subservient, not to rule;
 They were not form'd to govern, but obey;
 They are like bars, which stop our pass to heav'n;
 These once surmounted, all our danger's o'er;
 Our ways are pleasantness, our paths are peace,

To the same, from the Country.

WHate'er delights the rural life attend,
Yet still I want that food of life—a friend.

Tho' art and nature join their nicest skill,
The mighty gap of tedious time to fill,
With like distaste their busy care I see,
And life itself is death, depriv'd of thee.

Honorio!—but those happy hours are gone,
The scene of all my past delight is flown;

For I must bid a long, a last adieu

To —, piquet, and what's more—to you:

You, my companion in the time of youth,

When all was sweet simplicity and truth.

Our friendship stood the test of many years,

Triumph'd at last o'er doubts, despair and fears;

You pity'd all my faults, because you knew

Whate'er I did, was meant as good to you.

Oh noble youth! thou has a gen'rous soul,

That scorns subjection and disdains controul;

Let

Let vanity and pride no longer reign,
Exert thy power and rid thee of their chain :
These are the reigning foibles of thy heart,
Like treacherous friends they act a cursed part :
Or like the basilisk thy peace destroy
And smile malignant with deceitful joy :
Yet may I trust th' assertion of a friend,
Thy youthful follies soon will have an end ;
For well I know whatever part is thine,
With lustre equal to that part thou'lt shine.
Had fate ordain'd thee for an active scene,
A Tully or a Scipio thou hadst been ;
Then had I gather'd counsel from thy tongue,
Or on the arms of my deliverer hung.
But now with extacy of joy I see
All that a friend could hope or wish in thee.
Methinks I hear the sacred office read,
With lighter steps in freer air you tread.
Those follies of your life like clouds are past,
And peace in full meridian comes at last.
How will thy former bon companions rail,
That sense o'er folly should at last prevail !

How

How will they laugh at this new whim of thine,
To see so *sad a dog* commence *divine* !
Yet let them rail and laugh, what's that to thee?
Let them enjoy their boundless liberty,
Count each day lost that brings not something new,
And the same giddy course of life pursue :
Think you this scene of jollity can last,
Or what will follow when enjoyment's past ?
Why, sad remorse will fill the place of joy,
And discontent all happiness destroy :
While you, my friend, on nobler objects bent,
And with the little fortune gives, content,
Shall now those pleasures (once your pride) disdain,
And taste that peace of mind they seek in vain.

I know you'll say I moralize——'tis true,
Why then the dictates of a friend pursue :
But lest too much the pedant should offend,
I will to things of lighter note descend ;
Tell how (depriv'd of thee) I spend the day,
Or how I faunter tedious nights away.

In solitude like this if joy can be,
 'Tis only then when I reflect on thee ;
 When I recall the hours of past delight
 And summon all Honorio to my sight :
 For to thy friendship life itself is due,
 And what were life without a friend like you ?
 Oft as I wander by a purling stream
 My Muse is summon'd, friendship is my theme,
 The birds above their strict attention lend,
 And sing untaught the praises of my friend.
 The rustic shepherds as they pass along
 Still make my friend the burthen of their song;
 Whoever hope to please in this agree,
 To make whate'er they do resemble thee :
 Yet all the efforts of their power are vain,
 Their hopes I pity, but their pride disdain.

What tho' thro' complaisance I should agree
 To wait on ladies to a Tragedy,
 If there by chance upon the stage appear
 The tender brother or the friend sincere,
 I can't refrain, but drop a pitying tear.

Then

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

67

Then I am stupid, dull, I know not what,
And the discourse must turn on this or that.
Thus, when I could enjoy the well-drawn scene,
These idle prattlers always intervene:
In short, whate'er they say, whate'er they do,
I'm ever absent, for I'm still with you.
They'll often say, "they think I want respect,"
Sometimes, "I treat them with too great neglect:"
I doubt such usage they too plainly see,
For I am lost to all the world but thee.

Yet think not in the strict, prosaic sense
But I can well enough with life dispense;
Think not all real that I now relate,
For I can spend an hour in *tete a tete*,
And many an evening I dispense to kill
At whist, at ombre, picquet or quadrille:
Nay I can frolic too *a l' assemblee*,
And play the rake for one, two nights, or three.
What tho' these pleasures may a while delight,
And help to shorten many a live-long night,

Where is that happiness I once enjoy'd,
(Ever enjoying and yet never cloy'd)
That endless bliss, that unexhausted store,
Decreas'd tho' daily yet encreasing more?
Alas! the gaudy scene is at an end,
The drama's finish'd and I've lost my friend:
Rather the opening blossom just appears,
And shews us fruit to last for years on years.
Methinks I see in ages yet to come,
And there I read our sure and certain doom.
After a life in strictest friendship pass'd
(For sure 'till death, friendship like ours must last)
In the same tomb two friends are laid to rest,
Who died the greatest, as they liv'd the best.

TO

TO A
LADY

Who lov'd DANCING.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
 My dancing fair, thy steps to praise,
 Whilst this grand maxim I advance,
 That all the world is but a dance :
 That human kind, both man and woman,
 To dance is evident and common,
 David himself, that godlike king,
 We know could dance as well as sing.
 Folks who at court would keep their ground
 Must dance the year attendance round :
 All nature is one ball—we find
 The water dancing to the wind,

The

The sea itself at night and noon

Rises and capers to the moon:

The moon around the earth doth tread

A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red.

The earth and planets round the sun

Dance, nor will their dance be done

Till nature in one mass is blended,

Then one may say the ball is ended,

AFTER THE

DEFEAT

OF

The BATTLE of CULLODEN.

Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori.

I.

HARK! how the chearing trumpets found! A
The echoing poles the notes rebound;

Hark how the thund'ring cries

Of

Of rattling arms,
Of gathering war,
Of dire alarms
Resounding far,
Invade the distant skies!
The steeds with generous transport fir'd
Ungovernably prance;
The chiefs with martial heat inspir'd
Undauntedly advance.

II.

See! they encounter, foes to foes!
Now here the tide of combat flows,
Now there's the hottest fray:
As swell'd with rains
The forest pours
O'er delug'd plains
And foams and roars,
And rapid bursts its way.
Each hero in his country's cause,
With joy resigns his breath,
A victim to her ancient laws;
Oh sweet! oh glorious death!

III.

—! what tongue can speak thy fame?

What pen can celebrate thy name?

What bard impartial tell

To latest breath

How brave you fought

Till seiz'd by death,

The death you fought,

And for your country fell?

What death more glorious cou'dst thou have

Than in the field to lie?

To make Britannia's cause thy grave

And in the bed of honour die?

IN PHILOMELAM HURWORTHÆ

AUDITAM.

I.

SÆPE dilectos Philomela pullos,

Improbâ raptos pueri sinistra

Fleurat; sævam fugit ergo sedem,

Atque dolorem.

Mæsta

II.

Mæsta per latos volitavit agros,
Per cavas valles tacitasque fylvas,
Dum suos fido studuit tenellos

Ponere nido.

III.

Tæsis ad ripas fugitiva tandem
Venit & terram tepido feracem
Sole persensit zephyrisque blandis
Mulcier auram.

IV.

Audiit multi modulos ab ore
Alitis fusos : calamum canentis
Audiit Mepsi tenerumque concors
Murmur & amnis.

V.

Amnis aspexit liquidum meantis
Marmor ac inter nemora atque rupes
Et casus ; inter varieque vallem
Flere decoram.

L

Dixit

VI.

Dixit & mirans — " mihi tuta sedes

Foret hæc; fundam modulamen omne,

Cedet Hurworthæ specie priori

Theffala tempe.

THE

Foregoing O D E translated.

I.

OFT for her injur'd callow nest
Sad Philomela's tuneful breast

Had heav'd the tender throe;

Each brood remov'd, ungracious swain!

She saw and fled the cruel plain,

And with the plain her woe.

II.

Anxious to find some happier place,

Where undisturb'd her darling race

Too rare! she might renew;

O'er

O'er spacious lawns and hollow glades,
And solitary sylvan shades
Disconsolate she flew.

III.

At length to Tæsis silver stream
Pensive the little wanderer came,
Where Sol with genial heats
Inform'd (she felt) the teeming earth
And zephyrs mild with rosy breath
Shed health—attemper'd sweets.

IV.

She listen'd—from a thousand throats
Wildly were pour'd a thousand notes
Shrill—warbled to the sky;
Menalcæ's softly breath'd the reed,
And Tæsis with reluctant speed,
In chorus murmur'd by.

V.

Tæsis she saw, with limpid wave
Winding obsequious, gently lave
His flow'r-bespangled shores,

Proud in his ambient course to hail

The varied beauties of the vale,

Cots, rocks and rural bow'rs.

VI.

Then wond'ring sung — " Delightful seat !

" Be this my safe, my last retreat ;

" Here my maternal tale,

" Nightly I'll chaunt in lavish strains,

" And Tempe's less enchanting scenes

" Shall yield to Hurworth vale,

The two FILES and the SMITH.

A F A B L E.

Design'd to be sent to a neighbouring schoolmaster, who said
of Mr. —, that he push'd his scholars too fast.

MERIT has ever been the but

At which all understrappers shoot :

We can, they say, no reason see

Why some should worthier seem than we,

Such

Such a presumption's an offence ;
To maul 'em is but self defence.

So in some realms beneath the sun,
Where Christ is little more than known,
In christian acts and pious labours
'Tis hanging to excel our neighbours.

But you, good pedagogue, beware
Of falling in your own weak snare ;
With caution aim your shafts ; for know,
Attacks too grossly aim'd and low
Inverted ('tis a general rule)
Expose the shooter for a fool.

Hear and observe the voice of fame,
Sense and good manners are the same ;
And when the latter is neglected
The first may justly be suspected.
Your pardon, sir,—but, if you're able,
Pick out a moral from the Fable.

A File, by most esteem'd the best
A keener File than all the rest,

Long

Long in the Blacksmith's trade had drudg'd,
 And ne'er from any hardship budg'd,
 Whatever kind of metal came
 Iron or steel 'twas all the same;
 With faithful teeth, well rang'd and true,
 At once it clear'd its passage thro',
 And gave at once the finest hue,
 If baffled once, new means it try'd,
 So much avails an honest pride!
 Its maxim was to persevere;
 In every case above despair.
 Hence many a rusty bar it fil'd,
 Which rustier, bungling files had spoil'd;
 Nay, often with success would venture
 Where scarce another tool would enter,
 And tho' e'er since the iron-age
 (As says my author's learned page)
 All files this tenet have espous'd,
That's honour'd most, which most is us'd;
 It sneer'd not at a slighted brother,
 For why should files abuse each other?

Chearful

Chearful to all it lent its aid,
And every grateful Vulcan said,
By Patrick, as they hop'd to thrive,
'Twas the best temper'd File alive.

As on a time they all held forth
On this their humble servant's worth,
A File with canker overgrown,
Long unobserv'd, in snarling tone
Thus mutter'd — "Learn ye fools to praise
" Where merit calls; let merit raise
" Your just applause: forbear to load
" That slave with honours ill bestow'd.
" Why these my fellows and myself
" Thrown useless on this rotten shelf?
" What tho' it cut the hardest steel,
" Myself with time can do't as well.
" If rough and strong it rattle thro',
" Must all this mighty coil ensue!
" We can as much as it endure,
" And if our method's flow 'tis sure.
" Your error's plain, your praises spare,
" We claim at least an equal share.

The Smith (EXPERIENCE was his name)

An honest wight, of sober fame,

“ This spiteful speech,” indignant cry’d,

“ Betrays thy ignorance and pride.

“ When many, one fair point in view,

“ One end by different means pursue,

“ Shall not we most the means commend

“ Which best and soonest gain the end.

“ When were its honest labours lost ?

“ What File such handsome works can boast ?

“ ’Tis malice will not let thee see

“ How much superiour ’tis to thee.

“ Die virulent ! while it shall live,

“ And still our growing praise receive,

“ For fools, with envious spleen possess’d

“ Add to the fame, they strive to blast.

So said, he grasp’d it in his hand,

And turn’d it to an hobnail-wand.

T W O A C T S

OF A

T R A G E D Y.

Tho' the following Piece be entirely imperfect, and but the bare Draught of an intended Work, there are notwithstanding amidst this heap of Ruins so many natural (tho' perhaps not regular) beauties, that I know not one part of our Author's Works more worthy the public attention.—This is as it were a bed of choice flowers, some of them of great Value, tho' not transplanted into a border, where they might shine in their proper lustre.

M

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

AKEBAR, *King of* - - - - -

MAHAL, *his Favourite.*

BOLAQUI, *Prince of* - - - - -

ALVAREZ, *Prince of Portugal.*

HIGH PRIEST *of the Sun.*

JAPAREZ, *an Indian Priest.*

ALONZO, *the Ambassador from ALVAREZ.*

W O M E N.

AGRA, *Sister to AKEBAR.*

FELICIA, *an Italian Captive, below'd by the King.*

TWO

ACTS of a TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An outer Room in the Palace of Akebar. High

Priest and Mahal meeting.

High Priest.

WELL Mahal!—What can Fate or I
do more?

Have we not liv'd to see Akebar king?

Methinks I have no further use for life:

Our holy faith has such a guardian God,

That none shall dare oppose on pain of death,

Happy the people under such a king!

But doubly blest am I, who form'd him first,

Who taught his tender, unexperienc'd youth

The noble lesson of our godlike law.

M 2

Mahal.

Mahal.

Next to that deity whom we adore,
 We stand indebted to thy steady zeal:
 Yet still this mighty king, this great Akebar,
 This grand support and prop of our religion
 Would barter all for a poor christian slave.

High Priest.

Too well I guess the fatal cause of this,
 The captive beauty fires his soul with love,
 And, would she listen to the truths we teach,
 I know not one more worthy of Akebar.

Mahal.

True, she has beauty, worthy of a throne!
 Think you she ever will embrace our law,
 Or sacrifice her own for love or empire?
 Fond foolish hope!—no—this can never be!
 Sooner may yon great God whom we adore
 Withdraw his mercies from this lower world
 Than christians deviate from the christian faith.

High Priest.

Oft have I read of things beyond belief,
 How dying martyrs, in religion's cause,

Have

Have smil'd at all the instruments of death.

Can this be zeal? no 'tis a giddy phrenzy.

Mahal.

If you believe those records of their faith,

Our fears should heighten now the danger's near,

High Priest.

And where's the danger from a single woman,

Bred up and nurtur'd in the christian law?

Mahal.

You know Akebar's zeal for our religion,

Yet love, you know, is greater than religion.

Methinks a zeal so steady (priest) as thine

Would be alarm'd at every shew of danger.

Think, should Felicia, (as too sure she will)

Reject the offer to renounce her God,

What if the king, to purchase such a prize

(No other method to obtain her love)

Should change his faith, and be a christian too?

High Priest kneels.

Thou gracious God, whom we have ever honour'd,

Preserve us from the power of christian dogs;

Let us enjoy our liberties and laws,

Our

Our holy temple, sacred to thy name,
And save a wretched people from destruction!

Mahal.

Be not thou wanting at an hour like this;
Thy office gives thee privilege to speak:
Bid him recal that scene of sad distress,
Where thousands perish'd by those sons of rapine,
A barbarous, cruel and blood-thirsty tribe,

High Priest.

My care shall be to watch his every motion,
And guard his weakness from approaching danger.
Yet what of Agra or the Prince Bolaqui?
This day th' allotted season is expir'd.

Mahal.

Each moment like the former is elaps'd,
And hardly now a hope for his return:
Yet still with pride beyond her sex's nature,
And constancy, a virtue rare in woman,
She has bore up against this dreadful storm,
Endur'd the bitterest pangs of cruel absence
With manly fortitude and godlike patience.

High

High Priest.

And sure that deity, which sees her virtue,
Will more than recompence her past misfortunes,
And make the remnant of her life to come
One scene of joy without a cloud of sorrow.

Mahal.

Pray heav'n it may! nor let thy pray'rs be wanting.
Good men like thee have influence with heav'n.
Who but would wish Bolaqui's safe return
Akebar could not hope a worthier brother;
Poor Agra's happiness on this depends,
And what is more, perhaps this kingdom's safety.

High Priest.

As far as pray'rs and wishes can prevail,
Think not good Mahal that I will be wanting.

Exit.

Manet Mahal.

So far my plot succeeds, and all is well!
In every scheme where nicest art is wanting
Make but a priest your friend and all's your own.
I doubt not but the creature may be honest,
Perhaps the fool may think it is his duty.

'Tis

'Tis true he's rais'd above the common pitch,
And honour'd with the name of great High Priest,
And therefore reach'd the height of his ambition;
And are there men set bounds to their ambition?
Methinks 'tis easier for a dam of clay
To stop the current of yon raging sea;
Or, for a feather of the softest down
To pierce the bowels of the hardest rock;
Than for a man to check this noble passion.
I am but young, and have been greatly honour'd,
Yet still ambition bids me hope for more.
I know Bolarqui can not now return,
And therefore know that Agra shall be mine;
Now should this christian slave so far prevail
To bring Akebar over to her faith,
My very self will rise against this king;
Having religion for my sanctity,
I shall be stil'd my country's great preserver,
And mount perhaps the throne of him I serve.
Mine it must be to play a double part,
To bid Akebar use a sovereign's power,
And yet condemn him for the power he uses:

I know

I know him steady to our country's law,
 Mine it must be to shake this pious zeal,
 Enflame his appetite and raise his love.
 And shall I be the villain I have mention'd?
 Betray at once my sovereign and my friend!
 Yet what have I to do with nice distinctions?
 I love my friend—'tis true—but first my self.
 Were I a king—why he should be my favourite,
 If this comes far below what Christians preach,
 Why let them follow what they have prescrib'd;
 But honest Heathens have a nobler teacher,
 Great Nature is our law, she is our guide,
 Self-love she planted innate in our hearts,
 And let them all outpreach her if they can.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Akebar seated on his throne, attended by the
 High-Priest and Japarez.*

Akebar.

Is it to rule, to say I am a king?
 The stately Lyon lords it o'er the plain,

N

No

No Christians to disturb his peace of mind,
 No envious neighbour to usurp his throne,
 He lives in peace and is indeed a king :
 Whilst I, the very shadow of a prince
 Can hardly call this little kingdom mine,
 Hourly expos'd to injuries and insults.

Enter Mahal introducing Alonzo.

Alonzo.

Mighty Akebar !—Thou whose fame extends
 Beyond the limits of proud Afric's coast,
 Thy godlike deeds have reach'd the prince Alvarez,
 By me, unworthy of so great a task
 He sends to sue your friendship.

Akebar.

Go tell your prince he has indeed my friendship.
 What man can be to man he may command.
 I think you said Alvarez was your master.

Alonzo.

Yes, sir, Alvarez, Portugal's great prince,
 E'en he, who might exact on harder terms,
 Chuses by gentler means to win your friendship.

Akebar.

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Akebar.

If this be true it is a god-like virtue,
But most uncommon in a christian prince.

Alonzo.

And why are christians strangers to compassion?
Think you their hearts are steel'd against misfortunes?
Few look on other's woes with half their pity,
They can not see one erring from the right,
Without a wish to lead him back to peace.
Oh sir, did you but know Alvarez heart,
What he designs in fond compassion for you,
You would not tax a christian with unkindness!

Akebar.

What has Alvarez, he designs for me?
Would he preserve me from his brother christians,
Defend this city from their cursed rage,
Let us enjoy our liberties and laws,
This were indeed a favour, worth acceptance.

Alonzo.

This and much more he has design'd for you.

Akebar.

Then christians are most merciful and just!

Alonzo.

You seem a stranger to the christian virtues,
Oh sir! e'er long you shall be satisfy'd
How merciful, how just, how good they are.
My royal master, gentle in his nature,
'Tho' he has power to ravage this your country,
And after that to use a conqueror's right
Yet still in meer compassion bad me tell you
If you'll embrace our law, you shall be safe.

Akebar.

And who gave him the power to monarchise,
To ravage and lay waste my wretched country?
What claim has he to ought within these walls?
Alas! this can not be his christian mercy!
But tell your prince our laws are good as his,
And should he mean to make us quit our faith,
Let him begin and tell him we're prepar'd.

Alonzo.

Why will you fly the means that lead to safety?

Akebar.

Because we scorn dishonourable life.

Alonzo.

Alonzo.

Yet think again — — —

Akebar.

— — — — No—we have thought enough.

If this our kingdom must be ravag'd from us,

We're not the first have fall'n a prey to christians.

Tis true you may divest us of our crown,

Disrobe us of our outward majesty,

Yet we have that within above your reach.

Go back and bear our greetings to your master;

Tell him we never will embrace his law.

Alonzo.

Wou'd I cou'd carry back a gentler answer!

Akebar.

No let him come—this was his nice pretext

To varnish o'er the wrongs he meant to do us.

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

Prepare my friends and arm against the foe.

And thou great God, who see'st our inmost thoughts,

And searchest deeply in the heart of man,

Do thou defend a wretched sinking state,

And save this little kingdom from destruction!

Alonzo.

Why

Why must these ravagers, these christian tyrants,
 Like hungry tygers in their search for prey,
 Seize and devour whole states and monarchies
 To satiate and glut their thirst of power!
 They surely were design'd as cursed instruments,
 To curb and rule, and keep the world in awe.
 Oh Mahal! how shall we withstand such foes?

Mahal.

Our innocence, my lord, will prove our shield:
 The justice of our cause will so befriend us
 That we shall rise superior to these tyrants,
 And curb their insolence and check their pride.

High Priest.

Oh doubt not, fir—for what have we to fear
 In such a cause?—Religion's self at stake!
 Think you our God, whose justice is supreme
 Will see the faithful followers of his law
 Truckle beneath the yoke of christian bondage?
 Will he behold his sacred temples plunder'd,
 His holy priests pluck'd from the very altar,
 And not rouse up and punish these offenders?
 No—he will curb their insolence of power,

Thwart

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Thwart all their schemes and blast their bold designs
 Appear in all the splendor of a God
 And strike them dead with reverential awe :
 Whilst we—the happy few, whose care it is
 To spend each hour in honour to his name,
 Shall glory much at this so bless'd occasion,
 And utter forth unusual hymns of praise.
 Full of the God, and big with future hope
 Methinks I view the mystic rolls of fate,
 And there behold for us a scene of joy.
 Give orders straight, Japarez, that the temple
 Be fitted for the offering of our prayers ;
 Let all the sacred brotherhood attend
 To join in one petition to our God,
 That he would vindicate his injur'd people,
 And rise in all his majesty enthron'd
 To fight our battles and assist our cause.

Akebar.

Our self in person will attend the service ;
 Mean-while let all but Mahal leave the room.

[*Exeunt omnes but Akebar and Mahal.*

Akebar.

And now, as to a friend, I will unload
The heavy sorrow that weighs down my soul.
Not that my country's liberty's at stake,
Or that religion's self appears in danger,
Wear I this heavy, discontented heart.
These are at best the very toys of fortune,
Which she awhile deposits in our power,
And at a moment's warning calls them back.
I think I have a soul could bear undaunted,
The hardest stroke ill fortune could bestow,
Yet when I paint the scene of future horror,
And view the christian slave, whom I adore,
Snatch'd from my bosom by some cruel hand,
My blood boils up and I am all on fire.

Mahal.

There's one way left as yet to hinder this,

Akebar.

Devise the means to make Felicia mine,
But to preserve her from these christian murderers,
And ask whate'er thou wilt, it shall be thine.

Mahal.

Mahal.

The business of my life has been to serve you,
 You, in return have well repay'd my service;
 Yet since I'm privileg'd to make my boon,
 I only urge my oft repeated suit,
 Make Mahal happy in the beauteous Agra.

Akebar.

You know my sister was bequeath'd Bolaqui,
 Oh my unhappy friend! where e'er thou art,
 Forbid it heav'n that I should ever wrong thee!
 What shall I dare to rob thee of thy wife?
 For she was thine, her tender heart was thine,
 And tho' the priest had never join'd their hands,
 Their souls were wedded to each others fortune.
 Yet as this day, the time will be elaps'd,
 Alotted for Bolaqui's wish'd return;
 You have free leave to wait upon the princess,
 And what a brother and a king can offer,
 I'll urge in your behalf. —

Mahal.

— — — Thanks to my liege,

O

Akebar.

Akebar.

And now my Mahal, if thou hast the skill
To teach me by what art, what cunning magick
I shall win e'er the lovely christian's heart,
Such service well might claim my sifter's love.

Mahal.

Alas my lord!—who can command the heart?
No pow'r has influence o'er a steady mind!

Akebar.

I tell thee, slave, Felicia shall be mine,
Tho' cold and senseless to a prostrate lover,
She cannot sure withstand a monarch's force.
I'll take an hour, when big with fancy'd hope,
And every sense and appetite inflam'd,
Then will I seize the struggling, fond deceiver,
And force th' unwilling fair-one to my bed.

Mahal.

This is indeed to play the brutal ravisher,
To gain by force, what (might a slave advise)
Were easily won on gentler terms than these.

Akebar.

MISCELLANIES. 99

Akebar.

Forgive me, Mahal, I am not my self.
This cruel fair-one has undone me quite.
I talk'd to thee of force—but oh what force
Could make her love the man that had undone her?
Meek as she is and gentle in her nature,
She has a soul too big for such affront,
She must be won by tenderness, not force.

Mahal.

Right, my good lord, and I could name a bribe,
Methinks would tempt her to be wholly yours.

Akebar.

Oh! name it quickly, that my soul may bless thee!

Mahal.

Tell her she may preserve her christian faith,
That you are willing to renounce your own.

Akebar.

Renounce my faith and be a christian dog!
—Die first Akebar—or what's worse than death,
Much rather may I live to see that day,
When I am dragg'd from off my very throne,
And in my sight the slave of all her wishes,

Using a victor's right, with haughty triumph,
 Shall dare to rifle that sweet hoard of pleasures!
 And what is more—too much for utterance!
 When she herself with open arms shall meet him,
 And clasp him close, close! —

Mahal.

— — — That's a scene indeed,
 Tho' but in fancy, horrible and ghastly!
 Think you I mean you should renounce your faith?
 What forfeit all for a weak woman's love?
 That were indeed unworthy of Akebar!
 Preserve, great sir, your faith inviolate,
 Be steady, firm and zealous in your cause;
 Yet if dissembling ever could be guiltless,
 It were, most certain, at a time like this.

Akebar.

What would'st thou have me play the villain then,
 Cheat and delude the fond, believing maid?

Mahal.

If by this artifice you could prevail
 To win her over to be wholly yours —

Akebar.

Akebar.

What if I could!—think'st thou the cheat will last?
Will she not call me villain, base betrayer?
Away—my soul disdains so mean a thought.

Mahal.

Far, far from that—she will have pity on you,
Count all this artifice th' effect of love,
And bless her stars that made her such a man.

Akebar.

And think'st thou that Felicia shall be mine?
Could I but kindle in her godlike soul
Some small degree—a little spark of love,
No industry or art should then be wanting
To feed and cherish the encreasing flame;
But oh my Mahal! when shall I see that day?

Mahal.

E'er now, my lord, her pride can ne'er resist
The strong temptations of a monarch's love;
Beside her charity, that christian virtue,
Will tempt her e'en to be a wretch herself,
If by those means she can make others happy.

Akebar.

Akebar.

Oh! yes, she has a great and generous soul,
 Unstain'd by cruelty, unhurt by pride,
 Apt to compassionate another's wrongs,
 And give the wretched all the help she can,
 On that alone rely Akebar's hopes!
 I'll lay so vast a scene before her view,
 That if not more than mortal sure will win her,
 But if at last my efforts fruitless prove,
 And the coy nymph disdains to meet my love,
 I'll shew her what an angry king can do,
 And make the fair-one fear and love me too.

End of the first Act.

A C T II.

Agra and Felicia meeting.

Agra.

MY christian friend, my sister, my Felicia,
By whose advice and precepts ever guided,
I long have steer'd with patience and submission
Through a whole sea of troubles—arduous task !
Yet still howe'er beset with my misfortunes
I had at worst a little hope remaining
To strengthen and support my falling virtue,
But now alas ! howe'er remote it be,
Where is the very shadow of a hope,
That I may catch at in an hour like this ?
Alas ! my friend, there is no hope for me !

Felicia.

Despair not Agra—that argues your distrust,
Our God is merciful as he is great ;
Hope is a shining virtue in a christian.

Agra.

Agra.

But where there is no cause for hope, my friend,
It is presuming hope—no virtue, but a vice.

Felicia.

Yet here it is not so, for here is cause sufficient,
And where our wishes are not vain and idle,
We may expect, nor doubt they will be granted.

Agra.

Why has my lord been then thus absent from me?
Why have I wish'd in vain for his return?
For heav'n you say, that sees the inmost heart,
Must know with how much virtue I have lov'd him.

Felicia.

Shall we prescribe, set laws for the Almighty,
Tell him both where and when and how to act?
Learn resignation to the will of heav'n,
Nor dare to tax his justice with a fault,
He will be merciful, be you but good.
Still in the ways of virtue persevere;
And when you least expect to be made happy,
You may have greatest cause to praise his mercy.

Agra.

Agra.

Forgive, my friend, the weakness of my nature;
Fain would I think and act like my Felicia,
Reason, resolve, be great and good like thee;
But oh vain effort, fruitless, bold attempt!
I see the noble height, I can not mount,
Admire the virtues, which I can not reach?

Felicia.

It is not in our nature to be perfect,
The very best of us are bad at best,
Heav'n looks upon us as we really are,
Knows all our weakness, wants and imperfections,
And all the great defects supplies by mercy.
Oft have I wonder'd at thy ready progress,
Inheriting a tribe of christian virtues,
E'er half become a convert to its laws.
My royal friend, thou surely art design'd
A happy instrument by heav'n itself,
To propagate and spread the christian faith.

Agra.

My care shall be to reverence my God,
Yet still Bolaqui thou hast all my thoughts,

P

And

106 MISCELLANIES.

And should that God forbid my love to thee.
As inconsistent with the christian virtue,
I doubt I never could comply with this,
But first would forfeit all my right to heav'n
And stick by thee, my lord, my love, my life.

Felicia.

Fill not thy soul with anxious doubts and fears,
Heav'n never will refuse thy virtuous love.

Agra.

Would heav'n would then restore me to my husband!

Felicia.

I warn thee to hope all things for the best,
And yet take heed, be arm'd against the worst!

Agra.

Oh no—alas! he never will return!
And I am doom'd (unhappy that I am)
To lead a life of misery and sorrow!

Felicia.

Nay mourn not thus—the time is not elaps'd,
He may return, and all may yet be well.

Agra.

Thy tender words, thy pity, and thy friendship

Are

Are all the comforts I have left me now,
 They bear me up amidst this sea of troubles,
 And keep me from quite plunging in despair.
 And yet, Felicia, when I think on thee,
 And bring thy sorrows nearer to my view,
 Behold thee driv'n far from thy native country,
 Detain'd a captive in a foreign land,
 I can not help a while forgetting mine,
 And shedding tears for thy severe afflictions.

Felicia.

My early youth inur'd me to misfortunes,
 And custom makes severest less severe.
 I would not tell the story of my sufferings,
 Yet that would surely call for all thy pity :
 And trust me, royal maid, were that once known,
 It would outbalance all that you have suffer'd.

Agra.

Thou say'st that heav'n is just in all its ways,
 Why are the virtuous then the most unhappy ?

Felicia.

Afflictions are design'd for noble ends,
 To set our virtues in the fairest light,

And add at once a double lustre to them,

Agra.

But who comes here?—what means this bold intrusion?

Enter Japarez, who kneels.

Japarez.

Oh! pardon, royal maid, the wretch who dares
Break in upon your privacies, unseen;
But heav'n can witness, howsoe'er it prove,
'Twas meant in kindness to your gracious self,
I have observ'd (nay mark me well, my Queen)
Your late indifference to our country's law.

Agra.

You have observ'd—why, what have you observ'd?
I tell thee priest, thy law is all delusion;
Your business but to cheat th' unthinking world.

Japarez.

Then I am blest'd!—and hear me gracious Queen,
Long have I wish'd, long fought an hour like this.
I am not what I seem—no pagan priest,
But a believing, tho' a wretched christian.

Agra.

Agra.

Hah! said'st thou christian?—mark him my Felicia.

Japarez.

To Portugal I owe my wretched being.

Felicia.

Knew'st thou the prince Alvarez?—

Japarez,

—— ——— ——— ——— Yes lady;

I knew his worth, his excellence, his virtues,

And lov'd him, 'cause he meritted my love;

But pity'd him, because he was unhappy.

Felicia.

And how cam'st thou acquainted with his fortune?

Japarez.

From his own mouth I learnt the story, madam;

I knew his love too for the fair Italian,

Because 'twas I that join'd their hands together.

Felicia,

How could this thin disguise conceal thee from me?

I have a thousand questions I would ask thee:

How cam'st thou hither? wherefore art thou thus?

Oh! speak and satisfy my longing soul!

Japarez.

Japarez.

You know the punishment that waited on me
For the offence against our law committed,
I was a banish'd man, my fortune seiz'd on,
And, almost naked, turn'd into the world :
My sufferings were great, my patience small ;
How hard in this extremity of fortune
To rise superior to the ills we suffer !
It was my lot to be in that same vessel,
Which brought my royal mistress here to Afric,
Unknowing what their malice had devis'd
Against so good, so excellent a lady :
I, being driven from my native country,
It matter'd not to me what course I took,
And yet I still was watchful o'er my life,
Which, made me take upon me this disguise,
And go my self a willing slave to bondage !
Unknown to you, I waited on your person,
And gave you all the little help I could,
Admiring still your constancy of mind,
And resignation to the will of heav'n.
I was dispos'd of in a neighb'ring village,

But

But you, who meritted a better fortune,
 Found an asylum in Akebar's palace,
 Not to detain you with an useless tale,
 At last, as if my fortune seem'd to smile,
 By strict attention on these laws and customs,
 And being vers'd in what concern'd their faith,
 They honour'd me by making me their priest.

Felicia.

Was this an office for a true believer?
 I would have dy'd e'er I had done like thee.

Japarez.

Would I had dy'd when first I left my country,
 Rather than live to suffer this disgrace!
 Yet if repentance can atone my fault
 Behold and see my sad, sincere submission:
 Soon I'll disclaim that God, whom late I serv'd,
 Praise him alone, whom all the world should praise,
 And die a martyr in religion's cause.
 But we have better hopes—no fear of death!
 You have the power to save us both from ruin,
 Be still a Queen and rule a christian people:

Akebar

Akebar offers to renounce his faith,
If you consent to share his kingdom with him.

Felicia.

And think'st thou I will live to see that day,
Be false to him who had my virgin vows?
When I forget Alvarez, gracious heav'n!
Or know another lord, a second husband,
Pour down severest curses on my head,
And if I dare to supplicate thy mercy,
Be deaf to me as I've been false to him.

Japarez.

Then all is lost and we must both be wretched!

Felicia.

Rather all's well and we shall both be happy!
Suppose I had no other cause to tempt me
Not to consent to be Akebar's wife,
Think'st thou, Japarez, I would wed an heathen?
Full well he knew no other bait would tempt me,
And offer'd this to draw me on to ruin.
But it is well!—I'm arm'd against the falsehood.
No, my Alvarez! I am thine for ever,
And in that pleasing thought I'll still be blest'd.

Agra.

Agra.

Yet hear me, my Felicia—hear thy friend:
 What were Alvarez dead—Akebar living,
 You would not then refuse my brother's love?

Felicia.

Oh do not urge thy hated suit again,
 Nor plunge me in the gulph of black despair!
 Alvarez dead!—Then I indeed am wretched!
 Tho' he should live without a thought on me,
 And make some other happy in his love,
 May he be blest'd as heav'n itself can make him,
 It is enough Felicia should be wretched!

Japarez.

Then if thy happiness depends on this,
 Alvarez lives, and lives but for Felicia.
 You know Alonzo, that good honest man,
 The bosom friend, companion of Alvarez,
 'Twas from his mouth I learnt these happy tidings;
 E'en now he lies encamp'd before our walls,
 And fights the battles of his warlike master;
 The old unhappy king surviv'd not long,
 But left his kingdom to an abler hand.

Q

Agra.

Agra.

And is our city then beset with foes,
And must the glory of our kingdom perish?

Felicia.

No, royal maid, the virtuous have no foes,
Thy innocence would save a sinking state.

Agra.

Whatever side succeeds, I must be wretched,
And lose at best a brother or a friend!
Oh my Bolaqui—would that thou wert here,
Thou would'st protect me in these dangerous times,
And—for thou hast a great and powerful arm,
Perhaps defend thy country from invasion,
And save it at this crisis of its fate!

[*A trumpet sounds.*

But hark! that trumpet summons to the temple,
Shall I be wanting at an hour like this!
I will remember I am yet a christian,
But never can forget my bleeding country. [*Exit.*

[*Manet Felicia and Japarez.*

Felicia.

Behold Japarez in that pagan maid,

As

As great a foul as ever grac'd a Christian;
 Nay in her heart she is a Christian too:
 Some passions more unruly than the rest,
 Which reason has not yet the power to curb,
 Oft swell her bosom and distract her thoughts,
 And yet she reasons, talks, resolves and acts,
 At other times with such a godlike prudence,
 As makes me wish that she were wholly ours.
 But other thoughts now take up all my soul;
 Canst thou devise the means? I know thou canst,
 Whereby Alonzo and myself may meet:
 Convey me over to the christian camp,
 Expose me in the open face of danger,
 For I've a thousand questions to propose,
 And would give worlds for such an interview.

Japarez.

My life I hold at nought, nor could I wish
 A nobler death than dying in your service:
 But when I think on what may be your lot
 I own I can not help this coward fear.

Felicia.

And is there ought I would not undergo

When I might learn a word of my Alvarez ?
But you're afraid of death and of the king ;
I that dread neither am prepar'd for both :
I'll go my self and ask from tent to tent,
For happ'ly I may learn by some such means
Where this Alonzo may be met withal.

Japarez.

Then your Japarez has no more to urge !
He fondly thought to wean you from your purpose,
But not to thwart and contradict your will.
Madam, do you but purpose your intent,
I am in all things ready to obey you.

Felicia.

Thanks to thee priest!—I wrong'd thy virtue much.

Japarez.

No madam, you did but mistake my meaning.
At dead of night my self will wait your pleasure,
And either lead you to Alonzo's tent,
Or find the means for him to meet you here.

Felicia.

Do, good Japarez—carry me to him,
I would not have the innocent expos'd ;

Befides

Besides it ill becomes a great Commander
 To steal unseen at that dead time of night,
 And use, or stealth or bribes to gain admittance;
 Remember therefore I resolve to go.
 So fate, or now befriend this bold attempt,
 And let me hear some news of my Alvarez,
 Or, if thou enviest and deny'st me that,
 Then make me still more wretched than I am.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene the inside of a temple, magnificently adorn'd,
 High Priests and other Priests, Akebar, Agra,
 Mahal and others as offering up their prayers.*

Two priests sing the following Ode.

1st Priest.

To thee, Apollo, God alone,

Before whose sacred, awful throne

All nations tribute bring,

We come, we fly,

Oh save a sinking people! save

From ruin, rapine and the grave,

Oh! help or else we die!

2d Priest.

2d Priest.

Thou, merciful and just,

In thee alone we trust,

Then save,

Then save,

Thy wretched people save,

From rapine, from ruin,

From ruin, from rapine,

And the grave.

Chorus of Priests.

Exert thy power, thy strength display,

Affume the glory of the day ;

In midst of fight thy people shield,

Be ours to conquer, theirs to yield.

Akebar, coming forward.

And heav'n will doubtless prove propitious to us,

And crown our labours with a happy end !

We all may meet to celebrate his praise,

As we do now to supplicate his mercy.

And see, his messenger is near at hand,

The bravest foldier that e'er grac'd a field !

Enter

Enter Bolaqui, who runs to Agra and embraces her.

Bolaqui.

Where is my life, my love, my beauteous Agra?
Oh! let me press thee to my longing arms,
And pour out all the transport of my soul;

Agra.

Art thou return'd?—and do I then behold thee?
Or is it all a visionary dream,
And do you only sport at my undoing?

Bolaqui.

Well may you doubt, my Agra, if Bolaqui
Were yet alive, after so long an absence!
But if you knew the agonies he's felt,
Since last he parted from his soul's best treasure,
In truth you would not chide, but pity him!
Hah, my Akebar!—then I am doubly blest.
How fares the good old King? Does he yet live?

Akebar.

Alas my friend!—our father is no more!
And what is worse, our country bleeds apace;

How

How long this kingdom may be ours we know not,
E'en now the foes beset our city walls,

Bolaqui.

We'll drive them hence, and make them seek
new quarter.

Akebar.

To-morrow we give battle; meanwhile prepare
To stand a siege against these bold invaders.
And thou, Bolaqui, when the gentler power
Of love has had it's sway, arms shall take place
And in their turn succeed—till then adieu.

[Exeunt omnes but Bolaqui and Agra.]

Bolaqui.

Oh what a glorious interval is this!

Agra.

It is uncertain when we next may meet,
And should we ne'er meet more——

Bolaqui.

— — — — — Forbid it heav'n!
Have I been torn from thee so long for this,
To meet but for a moment and then part?
Divided from the treasure of my soul.

But

But just to see and gaze upon thy beauty,
 And make returning misery more keen?
 No—trust me, fair-one, we shall both be happy.
 To-morrow, when the battle is decided,
 I'll come in all the trophies of the field,
 And never part from thee, my love, again.

Agra.

Indeed!

Bolaqui.

Ay!—by thy beauteous self I swear,
 Thou idol of my wishes, never again
 To part from thee on any cause whatever.

Agra.

There's such persuasive sweetness in thy words,
 That I'll believe thee true and hope the best.
 Yet should but Honour call, thy Country summon,
 Agra I fear would be again neglected.

Bolaqui.

Unkind and cruel to perplex me thus!
 Is there ought else on earth I hold so precious
 As thee, my beauteous Agra? and trust me
 But for thee, life were not worth preserving.

R

Agra.

Agra.

Oh yes! I know thee, god-like as thou art!

Thou art the very pattern of all goodness,

I but th' imperfect model of Bolaqui.

Yes, thou shalt conquer—and the happy Agra

With open arms receive the welcome victor!

Bolaqui.

Then victory is sure, if thou but nam'st it!

And now my arm unusual prowess prove,

Mine is no common cause, I fight for love.

End of the second Act.

FORSAN MISEROS MELIORA
SEQUENTUR.

FOrbear my anxious heart thy needless grief,
The time may come and thou may'st find relief.
Tho' now thick, fable clouds involve the skies,
And threat'ning mists from every quarter rise,
Yet with his Chariot and refulgent Ray
The Delphic God can drive these mists away :
So tho' my mind's with misery opprest,
A real stranger to all inward rest,
Yet times may change, the wish'd-for joy may come,
To-morrow's fate may bring a milder doom.

AN EXTEMPORE

THOUGHT on DEATH

DEATH was a portion giv'n at our birth,
And as we come from dust we must return
to earth ;

In vain when death draws near we spend our breath,
For nought on earth can stop th' approaching hand
of death.

As kings and peasants all must one day die,

So undistinguish'd in the grave they'll lie ;

For no distinction in the grave is made,

Both rich and poor must all in dust be laid.

Let's not repine since 'tis a common fate,

And equally concerns both Poor and Great,

When death approaching calls our souls away,

Let us not stop him by our tardy stay,

But when we're summon'd, gladly let's obey.

On C L O E.

WHilst in the tomb the husband's body
lies,

Tear upon tear o'erspreads his Cloe's eyes ;

She howls, laments, complains and tears her hair,

Then beats her breast and rends the vacant air.

Wretch

MISCELLANIES. 125

Wretch that I am! with such a loss oppress'd,
 Oh where shall I (unhappy mortal) rest!
 What shall I do? oh would this tomb would lend
 It's timely aid, and be to both a friend!
 'Tis fix'd that I within this tomb must lie,
 And oh, with him 'twere pleasure e'en to die!
 When from the grave the lagging mourners come,
 She moves with tardy step and makes for home;
 Oft she looks back and stops her fault'ring pace,
 Then eyes the tomb with well-disssembled face;
 Nay the whole night in sad complaints she pass'd,
 And wish'd a thousand times 'twould prove her
 last;
 But now no longer weeps, no more complains,
 A new Gallant rewards her short-liv'd pains.

Wretched that I am! with such a lot oppress'd,
 On where shall I (unhappy mortal) rest?
 What shall I do? or would this tomb would lend

It's timely aid, and be to both a friend!
 'Tis fit that I (unhappy mortal) rest

And oh, with him, 'twere pleasure even to die!

CURLING her HAIR.

She moves with tardy step and makes for home;
 Off she looks back and fops her faulting pace.

SINCE nature bounteously has play'd her part,
 Why this recourse (inhuman fair!) to art?
 Since your bright eyes steal every heart for you,
 Banditti like, why should you murder too?

But now no longer weep, no more complain.

II.
 A new Gallant rewards her short-lived pains
 This fatal net-work, Tyrant, cease to weave,

Tho' doom'd to death, your slaves from chains
 relieve:

Such double practice all your honour soils,
 'Tis Poachers use at once both guns and toils.

SENT

SENT TO A
YOUNG LADY

With her CLOGS.

The Etymology.

*A companion for the Episode in GAY's TRIVIA
upon the Patten.* ←

A Jolly joyner reading o'er one day
That pleasant fiction of the witty Gay,
How Vulcan, by his fire and present gain'd
Patty, who long his fire of love disdain'd;
The forgery of Gay and Vulcan too
Approving, said "With present I'll pursue,
" Sure Chisel can as much as Anvil do!
His well-tooth'd Saw he eager takes in hand,
Resistless Alder parts at his command.
Too well assur'd, his fair-one not content
With use alone, would look for ornament,

He

He to the top a verdant ribband ties,
 At sight of which, the erst cold virgin cries,
 "Roger, take all my heart for such a prize."

Y O U N G L A D Y

T H E

I N V I T A T I O N,

F R O M

FLORA to CLARINDA.

I.

LET you and I, my friend,
 Bid farewell to the town;
 The life that I commend
 At first may cause a frown;

II.

But when you know the joys
 A rural life may boast,
 Till you retire from noise
 You'll count each moment lost.

Scandal

III.

Scandal has there no feat,
Without a foe we'll live,
None envy there the Great,
No false-ones there deceive.

IV.

Clarinda, with your friend
View what I can not sing,
By me can ne'er be penn'd
The beauties of the spring.

V.

Make no excuse, but go,
These beauties all survey,
For if you answer no,
I'll Autumn find in May.

The A N S W E R.

From CLARINDA to FLORA.

I.

IN vain, mistaken maid, you'd fly
To desarts and to shade!
But since you call, for once I'll try
How well your vows are made.

S

To

II.

To noise and cares let's bid adieu,

And solitude commend :

But how the world will pity you,

And envy me, your friend !

III.

You, like rich metal hid in earth,

Each swain shall dig to find,

Tho' I expect no second birth,

For dross is left behind.

R E P E N T A N C E.

From FLORA to CLARINDA.

I.

ALL disguises apart,
I examin'd my heart

Last night when I laid down to rest,

And methinks I'm inclin'd

To a change of my mind,

For you know second thoughts are the best.

T.

II.

To retire from the crowd,
 And do as we've vow'd,
 By avoiding of every temptation,
 Is in truth to reveal
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.

III.

It will much more redound
 To our praise, to be found
 In a world so abounding with evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 And to wage open war with the devil.

IV.

So bidding farewell
 To all thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for this militant life,
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a wife,

CLARINDA
TO
FLORA.

Could I, like you, in equal numbers write,
Or in true poetic strain indite,
In what harmonious lines would I rehearse
The pleasing softness of your easy verse!
But I alas! can no such power pretend,
Therefore excuse e'en doggrel, from a friend:
A friend, whose faithful heart ne'er envy knew;
For if it had it must have envy'd you.
Envy's the product of a sickly mind,
But admiration strikes all envy blind.
Cupid, the poets say, has lost his sight,
Well then may love mislead for want of light,
But friendship never errs, is always right.

PART

PART OF A

MASQUE

Left unfinish'd, call'd,

The *Triumph of Friendship.*

Characters in the MASQUE.

HONORIO.

PHILANDER.

Goddeſs of FRIENDSHIP.

BACCHUS.

CUPID.

MUSES.

MINERVA.

MERCURY.

THE
TRIUMPH OF FRIENDSHIP.

Scene a Wood. Enter Philander.

Philander.

WHere shall Philander fly!—oh where
complain!

Unkind Honorio, careless of thy friend,
Thou roll'st without restraint in pleasure's gulph,
And leav'st Philander to lament thy loss,
And mourn to see a friendship thus requited,

[He kneels.]

A I R I.

Hear me then Almighty Jove,
Chief of all the powers above,
Do thou inspire Honorio's heart,
And make him act the friendly part;
Let him fly from folly's arms,
And timely shun the hydra's charms.

Enter

Enter Mercury.

Mercury.

Almighty Jove vouchsafes to hear thy prayer,
This night Honorio sees his follies past;
No longer riots in forbidden pleasure,
But feels more solid joys from friendship's charms.

A I R II.

He that in heav'n for aid can trust,
How distant his hope, need never despair;
Jove ever was, and will ever be just,
And make both the Brave and the Virtuous his care.

See on yon distant, flower-enamell'd bank,
Stretch'd at his ease, in indolence of thought,
Honorio lies! behold the God of sleep!
E'en now o'ercome by his all-powerful wand
Honorio yields to his superiour sway:
Ere long his follies shall arise in view
In dreams, for dreams from Jove himself proceed,
Each gay delusion shall his part perform,
Pleasures of sense in all their charms appear

And

And tempt the youth to infamy and ruin ;
 At length the Goddess, to whose fane we make,
 Shall gain the convert and redeem thy friend.

Philander.

Thou messenger of Gods and son of Jove !
 How shall Philander thank away this debt ?
 E'n now I see the sacred fane appear,
 My soul enraptur'd at th' unusual sight,
 Struck with the awful splendor of the shrine,
 Droops underneath such majesty enthron'd :
 Loth to offend, not daring to approach,
 Do thou, a God, supply a mortal's part,
 Intreat and supplicate and gain my cause.

[The temple of friendship appears at some distance.]

Enter the Muses.

A I R III. *Clio.*

Droop not mortal, nor despair
 To pay thy vows before her shrine,
 Thou wert long the Muses' care,
 And Honorio shall be thine.

Enter

Enter Minerva.

Minerva.

Minerva saw this crisis of thy fate,
And came to join her prayers in thy behalf.
Mercurius, you conduct us to the shrine.

[*To Mercury.*

Chorus of Muses and Minerva.

A I R IV.

Happy, happy, happy youth!
Blest with innocence and truth,
The scene of all thy cares is past:
Jointly we thy cause will plead,
Each sufficient to succeed,
And crown thy hopes at last.

[*The Goddess of Friendship appears seated on
her throne, attended by Innocence and
Virtue on each side.*

T

Minerva.

Minerva.

Hail! sacred Goddess! at whose awful shrine
Afflicted mortals never kneel in vain;
Behold a sister Goddess prostrate kneels
To beg for blessings on a mortal's head.

Goddess of Friendship.

Think not I have been idle midst his grief;
Here stand the first informers of his woes.

[Pointing to Innocence and Virtue.]

He's bore his sufferings with becoming grace,
And now the happy period is at hand.
As much as Goddesses can do is ours,
And what we can we will, to make him blest.

A I R V.

Resume thy former peace of mind,
E'er long Honorio shall prove kind.
Haste Mercurius, haste away,
The mighty sovereign's power display.

*[Scene another part of the wood. Honorio
lying on a flowery bank asleep.]*

Enter

Enter Bacchus.

A I R VI. *Bacchus.*

Arise dull mortal, see this bowl,
Arise to scenes of new delight,
The time, that others waste in thinking,
Thou, more wise, shalt spend in drinking,
Seas of liquor shall be thine.

Enter Cupid.

A I R VII. *Cupid.*

Scorn this offer, look and see
The God of soft desire in me;
Love should every thought employ,
Banish sorrow, welcome joy,
Cupid sues thee to be blest.

Bacchus.

'Tis Bacchus sues thee to be blest.

Cupid.

'Tis Cupid sues thee to be blest.

Both.

'Tis Cupid, 'tis Bacchus sues thee to be blest.

Enter

Enter Goddess of Friendship.

AIR VIII. *Friendship.*

All the pleasures they can give,
Are below you to receive,
Love and Bacchus both despise,
And to joys superiour rise;
'Tis Friendship calls, no longer stay,
But haste Honorio, haste away.

Here it breaks off quite imperfectly; but what we may suppose, from the title the author has giv'n it, is, that friendship at last triumphs.

ON

P R U D E N C E.

To a FRIEND.

WHAT still is requisite to heal a wound !
A wounded reputation who can heal ?

A friend alone will undertake the task ;

And who so likely to effect the cure ?

To thee I preach, and Prudence is my theme ;

Philander preaches Prudence to his friend.

Oh could I write in Young's persuasive style,

Nor should I preach, nor thou attend in vain !

Yet Prudence needs nor ornaments of dress,

Nor pompous titles to set forth her praise ;

She is herself an ornament to all,

Enriching more the place wherein she dwells,

The humble cottage, where she takes her seat

Than would the splendor of the eastern world.

Prudence the chief of virtues and the best !

Without

Without her, virtue is itself but vice ;
Justice may be extended to a fault,
And fortitude the phrenzy of the brain ;
But whoe'er laugh'd at prudence for a fool ?
What mighty foes may we not dare engage,
Could we enlist but prudence in our cause !
And what is life but one continu'd battle ?
Our passions are the enemies we fight,
Proud, haughty, fierce, and ill to be subdu'd :
Man how unequal to engage such foes,
Unless when arm'd with Prudence for his shield !
And thus accouter'd there's no room for fear,
The victory is ours, the conquest sure,
For who shall dare encounter such a foe ?
And yet Honorio, in a world like this,
We should be doubly cautious of our fame,
And summon all our Prudence to our aid :
Security, the rock on which we split,
And what security in midst of danger ?
What skilful pilot, tho' the sea seem'd calm,
Would rest secure nor dread another storm ?
To be secure is to be sure undone.

The

The prudent man is ever on his guard,
Doubts e'n his virtues and suspects himself,
And thus his diffidence becomes his strength.
All are not brave, nor are they wise alike,
But Prudence is becoming all mankind;
A publick virtue and a common good.
Happy, Philander, were that virtue thine,
And this alone is wanting to my friend;
Who, like a crown beset with costly gems,
From every side emits it's rays of light,
But in the front an empty space appears,
Or fill'd by somewhat of inferiour worth.
How often Pride usurps the Place of Prudence!
Pride for a while may dazzle by it's lustre,
Till Prudence prove the jewel counterfeit.
What thinking actor, e'er he trod the stage,
That knew he wanted something in his walk
To make his graceful dignity complete,
But first would study to attain that point?
And shall not you, my friend, no common actor,
By whose example others must be wise,
Learn to be prudent for the public good?

A task

A task how easy this to be attain'd !
For all men may be prudent if they will ;
It needs no art, nor subtilty of wit,
To gain the title of a prudent man,
And yet there's more of honour in the name
Than empty pageantry and pomp of words.
Believe me, friend, the mitre nor the crown
Enrich not more the heads that they furround,
Than Prudence does the hearts which she inhabits.
Then quick prepare to entertain this guest,
And banish those who long usurp'd the place ;
Ambition, Pride, and all their train of ills :
For Prudence, should she see her nest disturb'd,
Might, like the gentle dove, forsake it quite,
And wing her flight to some more safe retreat.

T O
H O N O R I O.

Labouring under a long Illness:

He advises him to HOPE, and warns him
against DESPAIR.

GRieve not Honorio—time may work a cure;
Tho' esculapian art no comfort bring
A friend can give the medicine of life;
Hope, the chief blessing human kind can boast,
The universal cordial for the sick,
That gives all-cheering comfort, where 'tis us'd,
Relieves the sick man's pains, the lover's doubts,
Calms all their fears and gives them peace of mind,
Yet Hope's a physick suits not every taste,
Banish Despair e'er it can take effect:
The desperate man no medicine can cure!
Each hour we live to misery expos'd,

U

Advent'rous

Advent'rous sailors on the sea of life,
Beset with quicksands, rocks, and numerous ills;
Yet Hope, that trusty pilot, guides us safe
Thro' midst of dangers to the wish'd-for post:
Be Hope thy pilot—banish all despair,
And still surviving, doubt not to survive.
Life is at best a fever, a disease,
And death, or soon or late, the end of both;
Yet who shall fear, because his finger aches
That this is his harbinger to the grave?
Despair is but a milder suicide,
A poison that tho' slow will work at last.
Rouse my Honorio, from this idle dream,
Shake off despondency, that foe to peace,
Nor waste the precious hours of life away.

Know'st thou Clarissa, beautiful as young,
The first dear object of my infant love?
My tongue could dwell forever on that name,
But oh what human happiness can last!
When first I spoke my passion to the maid
She bad me hope, and cheer'd me with the sound;

How

How easy do we credit what we wish !
 The day was fix'd—the happy hour at hand,
 When—dire reverse of fortune ! cruel maid !
 She took the rich Cretander to her bed,
 And sacrific'd her happiness for gold.

Oh vanity ! thou canker of the heart,
 Thou deadly poison wheresoe'er thou dwel'st ;
 And could'st thou find no other feat but this ?
 Awhile the glittering gewgaws gave delight
 And all was one uninterrupted joy,
 But pleasures oft repeated soon must pall,
 And conscience is a guest that will intrude.
 Clarissa's heart was stung with sad remorse,
 She knew no other failing common to her sex :
 The careful husband wonders at her grief
 And fear'd the consequence might fatal prove,
 Pardon my tears——Clarissa is no more !
 Cretander made a father, lost a wife,
 But I am left without a very hope ;
 No lordly husband's title can I boast,
 No child to sooth me for it's mother's loss,

148 MISCELLANIES.

But hope itself with my Clarissa died!

And yet I talk of comfort to my friend,

Prescribe a recipe I will not use!

But death has put a period to my hopes,

And death alone can justify Despair.

A PARODY

ON

GAY's EPITAPH.

RUde and uncouth as from thy native wild,
A man in bulk, in letters still a child;
Mixing with low born spleen pedantic rage,
Form'd to divert at once and plague thy age:
Of manners void, in education's spite,
And unrefin'd amid the most polite:

Of

Of all thy selfish deeds the sole return,
This verse, and Corpus cursing o'er thy urn.
Such is thy portrait—what tho' thy breathless fame
Be mix'd with worthies, and with wits thy name,
Yet shall each youth of sense or spirit say,
Smiling with indignation, Here lies M—Y.

E X T E M P O R E.

*Levius fit patientia**Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

PATIENCE is sure the sole relief
For those oppress'd with sudden sorrow;
Cloe's to day o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But takes a husband for to-morrow.

FROM

FROM
ANACREON.

ONE midnight when Artophilax had driv'n
The Northern Bear quite round the globe
of Heav'n,

When balmy sleep each weary soul oppress'd,
And slumbring joys compos'd each mortal's breast,
My weary limbs stretch'd on the bed I lay,
Fatigu'd with toils of the foregoing day,
When Cupid comes--who tapp'd with gentle knock,
Who's there? I cry—"Ah me! your gate unlock.
"Have pity on my youth, half starv'd, I pray,
"This moonless night, all wet, I've lost my way."
With pity mov'd I rose and struck a light,
Unbarr'd the door, a youth appears in sight:
A little bow he bore with infant pride,
An ivory quiver dangling by his side.

I squeez'd

I squeez'd his jetty locks and dry'd his hair,
 Then in my palms warm'd his with parent's care.
 He now assumes his strength, nor as before
 Complains of cold, or rain, or darkness more.
 O'er his warm limbs a genial vigour flows,
 His rosy cheek with eager transport glows.
 Let's try, he cries, now if my bow remain
 Unhurt, nor slacken'd by the pouring rain.
 Those words he spoke—then quick the wanton
 drew
 The string, and thro' my heart the weapon flew,
 Then in my teeth these scoffing jests he threw.
 "Kind host!—you see my bow does now remain
 "Unhurt, nor damag'd by the dreadful rain:
 "Your bleeding heart within can plainly shew
 "My bow is safe, and so kind host adieu."

HERCULES

HERCULES and the CARTER.

A FABLE.

AS unlucky Jiles Jolt was a driving his cart
 It stuck in the mire—he fell with a start,
 And strait in a supplicant manner he pray'd
 That Hercules quickly would come to his aid.
 The God, looking out of a cloud, bid him not
 Lie there like a clown and an indolent sot:
 “But lift up your cart and your horses drive on,
 “And that is the way—so fellow begone.”

The SNUFF - BOX.

A TALE.

SAYS Cloe to her favourite boy,
 Here take this little shining toy,
 This box and snuff, and pray, says she,
 Whene'er you see't remember me.

She

He took the Box, resolv'd t' obey,
 Made a low bow and went his way.
 Arriv'd at home, with eager eyes
 And throbbing heart, he view'd the prize;
 He look'd for Cloe's face and air,
 Her lovely neck and flowing hair,
 For well he hop'd within the lid
 To find the beauteous picture hid:
 But what amazement fill'd his breast
 When no such thing was there exprest.
 Good Gods said he! and let it fall,
 Is this the present? is this all?
 The snuff is plain, the box is horn,
 Is this respect, or is it scorn?
 Is love and honour thus exprest?
 Oh! no fond fool, thour't made a jest,
 And Cloe's false like all the rest.
 Thus he went on without controul,
 While doubts and terrors fill'd his soul,
 When Venus, to her votaries kind,
 Sent Cupid down to ease his mind:

In bolts the boy, thro' bars and locks,
 Pray fir, fays he, take up the box,
 You've done the fair a cruel wrong,
 That we excuse because you're young,
 But act no more this filly part,
 The box I know has ftung your heart;
 But thy firft parents were betray'd
 By fomething lefs, as thou may'ft read;
 Therefore remember from this even',
 'Tis not the gift, but that 'tis given;
 And for thy comfort thou fhalt find
 The box was gold in Cloe's mind.

T O

H O N O R I O.

HOW often fhall I make a vain effay,
 In verfe uncouth as mine to foar like Young!
 Too like a mimick actor on the ftage,
 Rather than imitate I ape his ftyle,

Or

Or like another Phaeton attempt
To drive the fiery Chariot of the sun;
Alike unskill'd and headstrong as the first,
As great my folly, nor less great my fall.

Oh sacred Young! whose numbers first inspir'd
My infant heart and taught it friendship's laws,
Whose magick sweetness kindled in my breast,
The love of Virtue, Friendship, and of thee,
And bade me emulate my Young in each!
Teach me like thee to write (inspire my lay!)
Like thee to shew Honorio friendship's charms,
What joys, what blessings wait on mutual love:
The praise be thine, his friendship my reward!

Oh my Honorio! could I call thee friend!
I'd barter all for such a glorious prize.
I grant I have done all a friend could do
To merit thy esteem, nay fear——too much:
Had I done less, thou might'st have been my friend,
And I (fond fool!) been less unfortunate.
Yet will I not despair——(suspicion's vile!)

For he is noble, generous, great and good
And I will hope he is (he must be) honest.
What tho' some seeming flights have past,
Sights that but ill repay friendship like mine,
Yet still (oh strange) I must believe him true.
But let me call those seeming flights in question,
That ill repay a friendship such as mine ;
Nay let me try him by it's strictest rules,
See what is lawful for a friend to ask,
And what a friend with justice may refuse ;
Then prove his conduct by this golden rule,
Then judge, and then (I hope) acquit.

First then I ask thy friendship, a friendship
Pure, unfully'd and untainted, a heart
Disdaining not to own his friend, ever
Performing more than what it's words profess,
Always professing what becomes a friend.
But oh my friend ! beware, avoid reserve,
That bane of friendship, never know a joy
But what thy friend may share, and oh never,
Never let grief, misfortune, pain or trouble

Prey

Prey on thy heart alone, but let thy friend
 Partake thy troubles as he shares thy joy :
 For as by being parted cares are lessen'd,
 So by communicating joys, those joys
 Encrease—But chief, my friend (and what without
 Observing, must destroy the strongest bonds
 Of otherwise a seeming lasting friendship)
 Let virtue be the basis, the sole end
 Of all our mutual joys, our future friendship,
 On that foundation built, it shall endure
 Till time shall be no more, till Death, the last,
 But never-failing guest that visits us,
 Shall disanul our mutual contracts.
 Did I say disanul ? not Death itself
 Can put a period to such a friendship :
 For e'en in Death we part, part but to meet
 Again, when this earthly friendship, a poor
 And faint resemblance, an emblem, shadow,
 Type of what shall be hereafter, 'tis true
 Must fade, must droop, nay I had almost said
 Must die for ever—And must it ever die ?
 And must it like a short-liv'd flower bloom,

Shoot

Shoot forth at noon, at evening droop and die?
 And shall a little blast destroy so vast
 A structure? and dying, must it die for ever?
 Never to live again? it cannot be!
 If after death our souls, as poets sing,
 Are happy in a blest'd eternity,
 Where man, exulting o'er his ponderous load
 Rises to bliss extatick——amidst that
 Extacy of joys, friendship must surely
 Bear a share, must claim a prize that is not
 Quite ignoble. This prov'd, Honorio,
 What then remains? follow my counsel,
 Pursue the dictates which I here prescribe,
 Live happy and approve yourself my friend.

To bounteous heav'n I make this daily prayer,
 And in this boon I sum up all my wants,
 " Grant me, kind heav'n but my Honorio's
 friendship,
 " If there be any happiness in store,
 " For me (and heav'n has endless stores) let me
 " Be niggard in all other blessings,

" And

" And in this wish be all my wants supply'd !
 Content with this, I could resign with joy
 All other title to a world of pleasures ;
 Whilst you, my friend (how different our views!)
 Make dear variety your only pleasure.
 Variety, thou darling Goddess ! best lov'd !
 At whose well-frequented shrine ten thousands
 Make their Prayers, to her the glutton flies,
 When, by a constant use of the same dish,
 His palled stomach longs and sickens for
 A dear variety ; to her the wretch
 O'erpower'd with misfortunes makes his way,
 In hopes that change of place, may make a change
 In his afflictions, false, flattering hope !
 Variety, howe'er it be array'd,
 Is but at best another name for sorrow :
 I knew no friend but thee, in thee I sow'd
 A noble crop of friendship, and in thee
 I hop'd to find no common harvest ;
 Unknowing that all soils bear not the same,
 I sow'd too thick, manur'd the soil too much :

Friendship's

160 MISCELLANIES.

Friendship's a tender twig, and seldom grows
 Mature; by too much care it sickens,
 And by the least neglect, as we are told
 Of plants that have the sense of feeling;
 A touch destroys it—Oh my Honorio!
 For yet I call thee mine, should but a thought,
 (For thought is free, nor can it be restrain'd)
 Arise to view what I once have been
 Should you, too late repent a friend thus lost
 Why own yourself to blame, but clear your friend:
 A friend is but the Phœnix of an age,
 Nor every age a Phœnix—but my Muse droops!
 It was Honorio's friendship first inspir'd her,
 Since I am his no more and the first cause
 Is now dissolv'd, my sympathizing Muse
 In solemn silence (most pathetic grief!)
 Describes that loss, which words attempt in vain,
 That loss which nought but silence can express.

A PRO-

A
P R O L O G U E
TO THE
TRAGEDY of CATO.

Spoken in the Character of JUBA.

IF Virtue be the goal, and that alone,
To which thro' Education's paths we run;
If to instil the principles of Fame,
Honour and Virtue be the Tutor's aim,
Too long have harsh, sophisticated rules,
Declamatory jargon fill'd our schools;
Dull dogmas thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
Too long have tir'd the ear-belabour'd youth;
But to instruct by nature, not by art,
Engage the soul and captivate the heart;
To teach the young spontaneous to obey,
Where Addison points out th' enchanting way.

Y

Be

Be * * * care.—But the stern Cato now,
And that great master, who the patriot drew,
Claim your regard: in each enlivening scene,
Whom does not virtue animate unseen?
Rapt'rous we hear morality defin'd,
The balm soft trickling steals upon the mind.

Who, when young Juba reddens in the chase,
Feels not the conscious colour in his face?
When Marcus, for his country, bravely great,
Expires at an applauding father's feet,
What stripling pants not in the glorious cause?
Who would not die for Liberty and Laws?
Let riper youths by Portius' maxims move,
He'll teach them when and where, and how to love;
Passion to reason shall subservient be,
And phrenzy and philosophy agree.
Ay, this is true!—but who shall make it plain?
Am I a perfect actor?—Without stain?
Let not the numerous faults, which here you'll find
Degrade the real Juba in your mind:

The

The author made him perfect——here you see
 A copy,——no original in me.
 Where I fall short your candour must excuse
 The actor, nor your loud applause refuse.
 Admire the Hero——numerous tears be shed,
 And spare the living Juba for the dead.

A N

Invitation from the Country,

To a Friend in Town.

WOu'd you, my friend, our homely board
 partake,
 Could you the town and all it's joys forsake,
 Wou'd you your favours here a while bestow,
 And spend in friendly chat a month or so,
 I'll rack invention for a friend's delight,
 And study how to please you, day and night.
 But e'er you come, first give me leave to say
 How we contrive to husband out the day ;

164 MISCELLANIES.

Left Disappointment Expectation blast,
And the first hour prove heavy as the last.

Here in a cottage far remote we lie,
E'en distant Thule seems almost as nigh:
Through many a weary stage you first must come,
E'er like Ulysses your whole course be run;
At last, when landed on this distant shore,
E'en Ithica methinks could please no more:
Here Art and Nature each their skill display,
And jointly rule with universal sway.

Shou'd not the letter of a friend prevail,
Yet sure a son of Phœbus cannot fail.
Do thou, great father, then thy son inspire,
Exalt each strain by thy celestial fire;
Guide and instruct thy humble votary's pen,
That men may see, and own themselves but men!

Soon as the sun his chearing comfort shews,
Each drowsy mortal from his chamber goes,
And

And by appointment all agree to meet,
 This mighty Sovereign of the world to greet;
 Then each departing goes his different way,
 And prosecutes the business of the day.
 The sportsman, tempted by the pleasant morn
 Pursues th' enchanting sound of hound and horn;
 The scholar to some shady walk withdraws
 And studies nature's principle and laws;
 The whining lover in a cypress grove,
 Can here indulge his melancholick love,
 Utter his sighs and make his piteous moan,
 And neighbouring echo lends him groan for groan.
 But chief——and what is rarely to be found,
 Here lies a piece of consecrated ground,
 To friendship sacred, here her temple see,
 Where grandeur and simplicity agree.
 In short, each different humour here may find,
 Or to improve or entertain the mind.
 The day thus spent as each one thinks is best,
 Before we all betake ourselves to rest,
 The circling bowl must three times take its round
 And all with mirth and jollity be crown'd :

For

166 MISCELLANIES.

For mirth with innocence is here thought fit,
 To relish virtue and to sharpen wit.
 With such a plan as this you must comply,
 And cannot if you would (I know) deny:
 Therefore great Phœbus must at last prevail,
 —In August next—be sure, and do not fail.

Made Extempore on a

BUTTERFLY'S

Coming to some FLOWERS in my WINDOW.

PRETTY infect, oh could I
 Thus like thee unbounded fly,
 Sip like thee each various flower,
 Spend in innocence each hour;
 Happy, happy should I be,
 Void of care, from sorrow free;
 Blest like thee I'd flutter round,
 On my filken pinions bound,
 Till some busy curious fair,
 When I sport along the air,

Envy

Envyng me what I enjoy,
Should my little life destroy.

*The following performance, by JAMES CLITHE-
ROW, Esq; Fellow of All-Souls College, I've
taken the liberty to insert here, who is richly in-
titled to one of his royal Hero's immortal crowns.*

TWAS on the ev'ning of that gloomy day,
When FREDERICK, ever lov'd, and
ever mourn'd,

(Such heav'ns high will, and who shall disobey?)

To earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd.

With fullen sounds the death-denouncing bell

Proclaim'd aloud the dismal tale of woe,

The pealing organ join'd the solemn knell,

In mournful notes majestically flow.

The full-voic'd choir, in stoles of purest white,

With frequent pause, the soul-felt anthem raise ;

While o'er the walls, in darkest sable dight,

A thousand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

In

In high devotion rapt, the mitred sage

With energy sublime, the rites began,

While tears from ev'ry sex, and ev'ry age,

Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

“ Who, when our sov'reign leige to fate shall yeild,

“ Shall prop like him, Britannia's falling state ?

“ Who now the vengeful sword of justice wield,

“ Or ope, like him, sweet mercy's golden gate ?

“ Who shall to arts their pristine honour bring,

“ Rear from the dust fair learning's laurell'd head,

“ Or bid rich commerce plume her daring wing ?

“ Arts, learning, commerce, are in Frederick dead.

“ Who now shall tend, with fond paternal care,

“ The future guardians of our faith and laws ?

“ Who teach their breasts with patriot worth to dare

“ And die, with ardour, in Britannia's cause ?

“ And who, ah! who, with soft endearing love

“ Shall sooth, like him, the royal mourner's breast?

“ Her lord, her life, her Frederick is no more.”

Deep groans and bitter wailings spoke the rest.

Then

Then when at length the awful scene was clos'd,
 And dust to dust in holy hope consign'd ;
 All to their silent homes their steps dispos'd,
 To feed on solitary woe the mind ;

All but Lorenzo ;—he, with grief dismay'd,
 Nor heeding ought but Frederick's hapless fate,
 Musing along the cloyster'd temple stray'd,
 Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,
 And total night assum'd its silent reign,
 Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,
 And big with horror traverses the fane.

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead
 Inspire his shudd'ring soul with ghastly fears,
 Dire shapes, and beck'ning shades around him tread,
 And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

There, as around the monumental maze
 Darkling he wanders, a resplendent gleam
 Shoots o'er th' illumin'd isle a distant blaze,
 Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

With glory clad, th' imperial shrines among,
Four royal shapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,
High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

The first was He, whom Cressy's glorious plain,
Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprise;
Nor less his praise in virtue's milder strain,
Just, humble, learned, merciful and wise.

Next Arthur sat, at whose auspicious birth,
In one sweet flow'r the blended roses join'd ;
And Henry next, fair plant of Scottish earth,
The hope, the joy of Albion and mankind.

Yet green in death, the last majestic shade,
Wore gracious Frederick's mild endearing look ;
To him the rest obedience courteous paid,
And Edward thus the princely form bespoke:

" All hail ! illustrious partner of our fate,
" For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds,
" Hail ! to the mansions of the good and great,
" Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

" The

“ The fame our fortune, as our worth the fame,
 (“To worth like ours short date doth heav’n assign)

“ As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,
 “ And long record our deathless name shall join.

“ But oh! I tremble for Britannia’s state,
 “ May guardian pow’rs avert the dire presage!

“ For well she knows at our untimely fate,
 “ How heav’n’s dread vengeance smote each sin-
 ful age.

“ The regal staff aspiring Bolinbroke
 “ Snatch’d with rude grasp from Richard’s
 princely hand:

“ Loos’d from hell’s confines, civil discord shook
 “ The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.

“ When Arthur dy’d, imperious Henry’s thirst
 “ Of subjects blood, nor heeded sex nor age;

“ His wives a sacrifice to vagrant lust,
 “ His nobles victims to tyrannick rage.

“ When pious Charles in right paternal reign’d,
“ Rebellion proudly stalk’d from shore to shore,
“ Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan’d,
“ And dy’d the guilty land with royal gore.

“ Yet ah! may pity move relenting heav’n!
“ Enough she groans beneath her present woe;
“ Enough to vengeance is already giv’n;
“ Her Frederick’s dead——there needs no other
blow.”

Scarce had he spoken, when the bird of day
’Gan morn’s approach with clarion shrill declare,
At once th’ unbodied phantoms fade away,
The fond illusion all dissolves in air.

ON THE
FIFTH of NOVEMBER,
An IRREGULAR ODE.

Quo, quo scelesti recitis?

I.

OH had I Milton's voice and lyre!
Oh had I his poetic fire!

Then to sublimity I'd soar.

I'd sing the praise of God supreme,
Omnipotence should be my theme,
That God whom heav'n and earth and seas adore.

But since my humble Muse
Does lofty strains refuse,

What gratitude inspires I'll sing,

Exalt Jehovah, heav'ns dread king,

Who from his mercy's unexhausted store

Ever prepares when we implore

With his all-powerful hand,

To save from ruin this devoted land.

When

II.

When bold Rebellion rears her fiery head,
When Rome and Hell ætnean terrors spread,
Then human strength how weak how frail!

Rebellion's source,
Conspir'd with hell,
With rapid force
Doth urge its way

And powerful hosts defy ;
Till nations in one carnage lie ;

Like as when crackling flames arise
Beat by a fierce impetuous wind,
Their ruddy tongues do lick the sky

And no resistance find :

Nought can the impetuous force assuage,
But towns, plains, forests fall dire victims to their rage:

Till he whose nod the world's foundation shakes,
Hurls flaming lightning from on high
Strikes undermining malice dead,
And bids rebellion fly.

III.

Cease, cease vain Rome, no longer dare
Engage in impious war,

Nor with thy dire alarms
Defy omnipotence in arms!
Thou'lt find that heav'n is just:
Lest late repenting thou shouldst feel
The force of our avenging steel,
And thy proud tow'rs be levell'd with the dust;
For all thy vain, ambitious views,
Promiscuous ruin certainly pursues.

IV.

Ambition what could e'er assuage
Thy vaulting force, thy boundless rage!
When reason sleeps and thou art Guide,
To deeds stupendous man will rise,
He'll cope with heav'n, he'll storm the skies
And dangers imminent deride,
But God, from his æthereal throne
Doubtless will pull ambition down,
And curb presumptuous clay;
Vain man! thy rash attempts give o'er,
Forbear frail mortal! urge no more,
Nor with God's vengeance play.

To

To a FRIEND,

Inquiring in several letters if *Calla* really painted.

I Tell you yes——can I say more?

Have I not told you so before?

Am I not then to be believ'd?

Why, rest a fool, and be deceiv'd!

Think you it matters me a jot

Whether she paints, or whether not?

But I am prejudic'd you cry,

And view her with a partial eye.

Partial indeed, for well I know

How much I to your friendship owe:

In all things I would act like you,

The same reject, the same pursue;

But here, the matter is so plain,

What you admire I must disdain.

Deceit, however varnish'd o'er,

Is still deceit, nor less nor more;

And

And wheresoe'er deceit shall dwell,
 Is not a heav'n, but a hell.
 Believe the truth, I here protest
 In sober sadness, not in jest.
 'Tis not a day or two ago,
 Since present at a public shew,
 Close by a friend of yours I sat,
 Could view her charms and hear her chat:
 When my Lord Jackey stepp'd between
 And straight produc'd the following scene:
 Lord Jackey you must doubtless know,
 That mixture of a brute and beau,
 Who dares be insolent and rude
 When safe protected by a crowd.
 I vow he cry'd, to Lady Sue,
 Is it not monstrous here in you,
 To pride yourself in beauty so,
 And talk of skin as white as snow?
 When Cælia there, that awkward creature,
 Can purchase shape, complexion, feature,
 Believe me friend, this innocence,
 Heard him without the least offence.

Oh foolish meekness!—tell me why?

“She could not blush, and scorn’d to cry.

FROM A

DEATH BED,

To HONORIO.

I.

THE lyre for ages now unstrung,
Has, unmolested, useless hung,
Deserted e’en by me,
Who erst have taught it to repeat,
In flowing numbers soft and sweet,
What first it learn’d from thee.

II.

’Twas thou, Honorio, first inspir’d
My heart with poesy, and fir’d
My youth with love of fame;
Let then this faint, tho’ last essay,
This Truth to thee, my friend, convey,
That I am still the same.

Ah

III.

Ah rather I am now no more
 The man I was a while before,
 Nor ever hence shall be!
 I now have reach'd the close of day,
 And all my senses now decay,
 All but my love to thee.

IV.

But now my love can stand the test,
 Prove itself equal to the best;
 For at the close of breath,
 While every passion now declines,
 With double lustre friendship shines,
 And triumphs over death.

V.

Let not this noble proof of love,
 Useless and unavailing prove,
 But mark the truths I sing,
 Truths which alone can make thee blest,
 By men of worth belov'd, carefs'd,
 And peace and comfort bring.

VI.

E'en in the sun-shine of my life,
 Torn from my children, friends and wife,
 Who would not wail my lot?
 And what is harder still, to be
 Banish'd e'en from their memory,
 By those I love forgot.

VII.

For trust me, soon as ever death
 Deprives poor mortals of their breath,
 Their fame not long survives,
 Sorrow awhile her pomp maintains
 All comfort for herself disdains,
 But quickly rous'd revives.

VIII.

Yet when I'm levell'd with the dust,
 As soon my heart inspires I must,
 And earth to earth consign'd;
 Be this (when I'm forgotten quite,
 Buried in an eternal night)
 Long treasur'd in thy mind.

“ Expos'd

IX.

“ Expos’d to no peculiar Vice,
“ Nor deem’d a fool, nor yet too wise,
“ A warm and zealous friend,
“ Pride and ambition he disdain’d,
“ But constancy of mind retain’d,
“ And firmness to the end.”

X.

Pursue at least in some degree
The beaten path first trod by me,
And share the glorious prize;
For while with faltering voice I sing,
My fluttering soul is on the wing;
I mount—I mount the skies.

HORACE Book II. Ode 16.

IMITATED.

In an EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

IN health and peace my friend to live,
Is all I ask of heav'n to give;
For 'tis not in the pow'r of wealth
To purchase e'en a moment's health;
And humble peace abhors the state,
Which waits upon the rich and great:
Who lives with little lives the best,
No anxious cares disturb his rest;
'Tis true his diet may be spare,
But then he sleeps without a fear:
And what is all the hurry'd scene,
The fordid bustle after gain,
Which some men make? why such ado?
We live but for an hour or two:
And can the miser's hoarded store
Add to his life one minute more?

What

What tho' for gain, with thrifty soul,
He flies abroad from pole to pole,
Where'er he goes, he still will find,
He cannot leave himself behind,
For busy care will haunt his mind.
There is, I grant, no state of life
Entirely free from care and strife;
Then social mirth shall glad my heart,
And sweeten all the bitter part:
The present time is mine possess,
In that I may and will be blest;
To look beyond it is a jest.
How soon, alas! in youthful pride,
The great, the noble Aurio died!
And you—whose years may gently waste,
Tho' ne'er so loth—must die at last;
However fortune gilds the scene,
'Twill be as if it ne'er had been:
To thee, my friend, 'tis giv'n to shine,
I envy not—the world is thine;
To me a little country seat,
And something of the poet's fate;

To

What

To grant me more let fortune cease,
I scorn the crowd and am at peace.

FLAVILLA'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS of a SWAN.

A Pastoral between FLAVILLA and DAMON.

THE fair Flavilla, beautiful and young,
Her sorrows thus in broken accents sung,
Whilst Damon watchful o'er each word she says,
At once his constancy and truth displays:
At length he wipes all sorrow from her eyes,
And Damon's love poor Cygnus' loss supplies.

Flavilla.

Ah whither shall I wander ! tell me where
To ease my doubts and banish my despair ?
Or must this torrent of my grief remain,
And am I doom'd to search so long in vain ?

I guess some envious neighbour stole him hence,
 Some fool as void of goodness as of sense.
 Too well I fear I know the fatal place,
 Where Cygnus' charms have suffer'd this disgrace:
 But if his brutal hand thy blood has shed,
 May heaviest curses light upon his head!

Damon.

Why mourns my fair;

Flavilla.

Oh, Damon, would you know?

The secret cause whence springs my real woe,—
 Cygnus—the pride of e'ery neighb'ring stream,
 Now lost to me, I make my mournful theme.
 Cou'd I be silent in a cause like this,
 E'en silence self wou'd here shew much amiss.
 No!—let the full-swoll'n tear spontaneous flow,
 I neither can, nor will I check my woe.
 Oh you have seen him, stately creature, ride
 With graceful majesty and god-like pride
 O'er this canal! lord of this little shore,
 He seem'd to covet, nor to wish for more.

B b

Damon

Damon.

Oh! whither cou'd his utmost wish extend?
He knew no wants in having you his friend:
Fo who can wish and not be satisfy'd,
To have each want by your dear hand supply'd?

Flavilla.

Where shall we hope for constancy in love,
When swans, like faithless men, inconstant prove.

Damon.

In men a steady constancy you'll find,
Swans may prove false, but man will still be kind.

Flavilla.

Oh Damon pardon me! what is't I see?
It is too plain!—and yet it cannot be!
Is that my Cygnus levell'd with the dust?
My sympathising heart assures it must.
It is my bird! too plain I read thy fate,
Nor need a tongue thy suffering to relate:
By cruel man thou fell, what laws can bind
An haughty, envious and malignant mind!
Thy cruel executioner I know,
Arcas alone could give the fatal blow.

Damon

Damon.

Still dare the tyrant exercise his power,
 And kindle strife and mischief every hour?
 But insolence like his too long has reign'd,
 By cruelty his every action's stain'd.
 Fiend-like he rages, mischief in his hand,
 And scatters pestilence throughout the land:
 Yet let him in his height of transport know,
 You want not one, who will avenge the blow.
 Ah Damon threaten not, our threats are vain,
 Much rather let us fly this hated plain,
 And seek an humble, tho' a safe retreat,
 Beyond the reach of envy or the great.
 No cruel neighbour there shall interpose,
 Nor insolence in power disturb repose.
 Th' enchanting bird shall glad the opening day,
 And unmolested hop from spray to spray.

Damon.

The tender lambkin and the timorous hare,
 At once an equal privilege shall share:
 All shall be free, but he who yet remains
 In love with bondage, and who covets chains:

Whose happy privilege alone will be,
In being fetter'd by a maid like thee.

TO A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG LADY,
With Ten Thousand Pounds,
On her Marriage with a
Rich Old GENTLEMAN.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?*

I.

AN D' so the fatal knot is ty'd
And Charlotte is Avario's bride,
Oh cursed love of gold.
In all the past or present age,
From Horace or from Virgil's page
A tale like this unfold.

Want

II.

Want and necessity may cause
 To violate great Honour's laws,
 And lead us to despair :
 Oh had this been your cruel lot !
 Your crime had quickly been forgot,
 I'd pity'd then the fair :

III.

But now to see her sex's pride
 For gold become a miser's bride,
 And sacrifice her fame,
 My open heart, above disguise,
 With honest indignation cries,
 Oh Misery and Shame !

F I N I S.

GRAVIOIRA ERRATA.

Page 13.	Line 16.	perfoms <i>pro</i> performs.
27. —	1.	obstructs <i>pro</i> obstruct.
32. —	14.	his <i>pro</i> her.
56. —	20.	erace <i>pro</i> erase.
69. —	6.	to <i>pro</i> do.
71. —	14.	forrest <i>pro</i> torrent.
72. —	15.	fleurat <i>pro</i> fleverat.
73. —	15.	varieque <i>pro</i> varioque.
73. —	16.	flere <i>pro</i> flore.
98. —	3.	e'er <i>pro</i> o'er.
101. —	13.	e'er <i>pro</i> e'en.
141. —	1.	still <i>pro</i> skill.
144. —	11.	The <i>pro</i> Her.
146. —	16.	know't <i>pro</i> knew't.
147. —	13.	was <i>pro</i> now.
147. —	14.	~~dele~~ She knew no other failing com- mon to her sex.
150. —	1.	Artophilax <i>pro</i> Arctophilax.
152. —	3.	strait <i>pro</i> straight.
160. —	1.	insert <i>of</i> before <i>what</i> .